Saturday Review

AUGUST 11, 1962 / 25¢

Walter Lippmann, author of "Western Unity and the Common Market" (See Books)

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COMMUNICATIONS

AUTOMATION'S AWKWARD AGE

By Vannevar Bush

THE GOVERNM T

By

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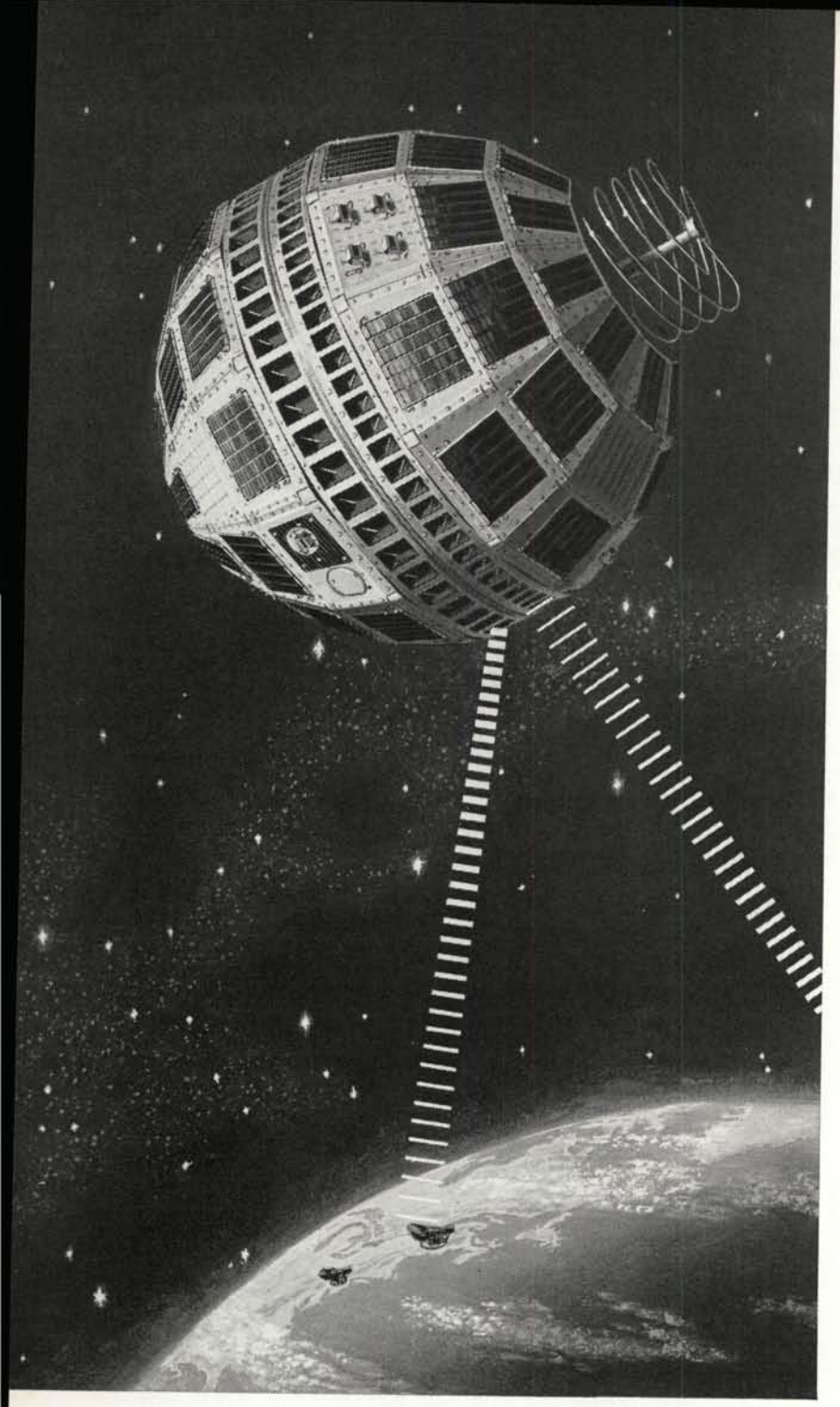

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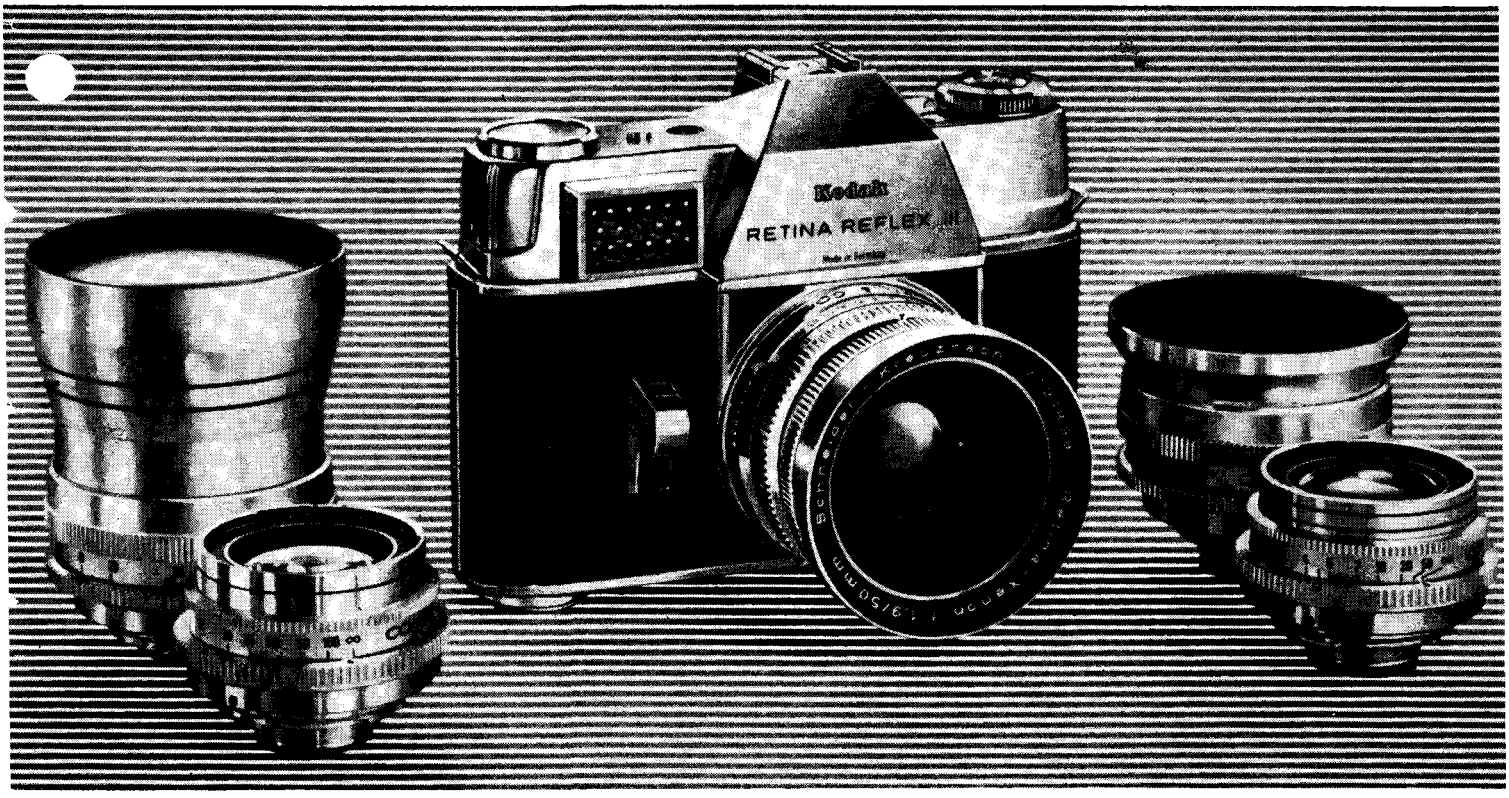

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FOOD MEN SHOULD NOT TRY TO BE MEDICINE MEN

Dietary Treatment Of An Illness Is A Decision Which Should Always Be Made By Your Physician

Good health is surely a very precious asset. It is unfortunate that the American interest in health is often exploited by food faddists, quacks, charlatans, and even by highly respectable purveyors of foods and drugs who seek to sell their products by taking advantage of areas of ignorance about what promotes or prevents the achievement of a high state of good health.

The outstanding achievements of American medicine and of local, state, and federal public health agencies have contributed much to the good health which most Americans enjoy today. Remarkably enough, the life span of our citizens has been extended from an average of 47.3 years in 1900 to 69.7 years in 1959, and more of these additional years are happy and productive years because of the good health which people do have.

Among other factors which have contributed to this improved health and longevity, certainly the variety and abundance of high quality food has been of prime importance. This food is available to us at a steadily lower cost, in terms of the percentage of family income required for food or in terms of hours of labor required to purchase the food supply. What malnutrition we suffer in this country is mostly a matter of some of us consuming more calories than we need or making poor selections of food because of ignorance about the role that the well balanced diet plays in building and maintaining a healthy body.

MILK'S CONTRIBUTION IS BIG

The Food and Nutrition Board (a group within the National Research Council, National Academy of Sciences, an agency created by Congress to advise the government on matters in various fields of science) issued May 25, 1962, a statement in response to a query from the Secretary of Agriculture on "The Nutritional Significance and Safety of Milk Products in the National Diet."

This group of the nation's most eminent nutrition scientists pointed out that ". . . milk and milk products are prominent because they contribute approximately 24% of the protein, 76% of the calcium, and 47% of the riboflavin in the national diet." Of course, milk provides other important nutrients as well, but these three are the most important. This statement, reassuring the American people on the value and importance of milk in our diet, was issued because of some questions which have arisen in recent years about milk.

"CHOLESTEROL CONFUSION" REIGNS

Some people in this country are victims of what might be labeled "cholesterol confusion," the result of the oftentimes conflicting reports in the public press on the causes of heart disease which each year claims more American lives than any other disease. Atherosclerosis, a form of hardening of the arteries, is the leading cause of heart disease deaths.

There are no definite answers today to the question of what causes atherosclerosis, although many millions of dollars are being invested each year in research to try to find the causes and possible treatments. A number of possible causes are being investigated, and there seems to be general agreement that atherosclerosis may be the result of several of these factors. This makes the solution of the problem more difficult for the scientists because solving the heart disease riddle is not a matter, apparently, of isolating a virus and then developing a vaccine.

Some researchers are studying the effects of the stress of modern living as a possible cause of atherosclerosis. High blood pressure and obesity appear to be closely linked to the development of this disease. Cigarette smoking has been implicated by some researchers.

WOMEN ARE NOT THE WEAKER SEX

Being a woman is a highly protective factor against atherosclerosis until the later years of life, and this complicates many other theories about the causes of heart disease because many women also live under conditions of stress, eat more than they should, smoke cigarettes, and otherwise live as men do. Obviously, body chemistry, affected by hormones, plays some undetermined role in the development of atherosclerosis—or, at least in women, its prevention.

Exercise is another uncertain influence which scientists are studying. It is usually agreed that the human body needs some exercise for fitness, but most Americans use their muscles less and less these days. We have become very sedentary. We sit for our recreation —at spectator sports, to watch television, and on golf carts while playing golf.

What we eat—and particularly the amount and kinds of fats in our diet—probably has been given more public discussion as a possible cause of atherosclerosis than any other factor. Obviously, since many public discussions of diet as one of the possible causes of heart disease have implicated animal fats, including the fat in milk, as being less desirable fats, we dairymen are very much concerned that the facts, and not wild guesses, be kept before the American public. We would hate to lose our business, in other words, simply on the basis of suppositions which ten years from now may be completely discarded.

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DIET TREATMENT IS ONLY ONE APPROACH

Researchers have learned that some fats which we eat tend to raise blood cholesterol levels, while other types of fats tend to lower these levels *in some people*. On the basis of this evidence, some researchers and physicians have been willing to manipulate diets to lower cholesterol levels because many of the individuals who suffer heart attacks also have high blood cholesterol levels.

But it is important to note that heart attacks also occur in people who have low blood cholesterol levels. No one claims to have proved that there is a cause and effect relationship between blood cholesterol levels and atherosclerosis. Some scientists, in fact, have voiced doubts about the idea that the fat in our average American diet is an important causative factor in atherosclerosis. There is no general agreement on the idea that diet and heart disease are related.

Medical scientists and other researchers do have a solemn obligation, however, to investigate every possible cause and treatment of any disease. On the other hand, until the researchers have far more answers than they possess today, the prevention and treatment of atherosclerosis is a matter for individuals to work out with their physicians in the privacy of the physicians' offices. A physician is under oath to do his very best to save human lives and to prevent suffering, and sometimes the only avenues open to him are highly experimental. This is the case today in preventing or treating therosclerosis. Patients must keep this in mind.

Researchers have numerous experimental approaches to the prevention and treatment of atherosclerosis under study. Chemo-therapy—the use of various drugs—has many advocates who believe that drugs may one day provide the necessary means to prevent atherosclerosis. Other physicians are experimenting with weight reduction diets, perhaps accompanied with increases in physical activity.

DIET TREATMENTS ARE NOT PROVED THERAPY

Some physicians are experimenting, among selected patients, with various dietary treatments—and it is important to keep in mind that any dietary approach to atherosclerosis at this time is *a highly experimental treatment*. Frequently, the physician using the dietary approach will recommend the lowering of the total amount of fat in the patient's diet and may also suggest some changes in the types of fat consumed.

Anyone who is inclined to try self-treatment through dietary changes should keep in mind that there are some potential hazards in this approach. Laymen should rely upon physicians' advice designed for the individual patient and not be influenced by those food men who, acting in this area of ignorance about the causes of atherosclerosis, prefer to be medicine men. Prescribing treatment for illness is the business of the medical profession who recognize that it is important to design the treatment to fit the particular patient. Researchers have reported conflicting results from various efforts to regulate fat levels in the blood and to prevent atherosclerosis through diet. Your physician is the person best qualified to determine if you need treatment in the first place and what kind is best for you if you do need it.

Commenting on dietary changes, the Food and Nutrition Board, in the statement referred to above, said: "The questions of how much and what kind of fat can affect the development of atherosclerosis remain unanswered but are subject to very active research and continuing review.

"In view of these uncertainties and because many factors are known to influence the onset and course of this disease, the Food and Nutrition Board considers that drastic changes in the American diet with respect to fat intake cannot be recommended at this time."

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Most Americans are healthy. It would be very unfortunate if we began to worry so much about potential health hazards that hypochondria would become our national pastime. Eating should be a pleasant affair, not a medical treatment, for healthy people. If we follow the basic pattern of eating a well balanced diet —in terms of quantity of food as well as variety, get adequate physical activity each day, obtain enough rest, and maintain an optimistic outlook toward life, we can make a big step toward maintaining good health. Regular medical checkups, *by your physician, not your neighbor*, are still the soundest way to determine if you need treatment for any illness.

american dairy association

Voice of the Dairy Farmers in the Market Places of America

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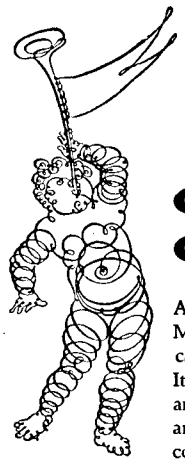

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The SATURDAY REVIEW published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Circulation Director, Ray Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $7 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLV, No. 32, August 11, 1962. Second-Class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature"

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Edited by Martin Levin

FOR THE TEACHER ONLY

(Being a suggested list of questions and projects in the teaching of "Three Little Pigs" to fifth and sixth graders, with emphasis on experiential enrichment.)

"THIS Little Pig went to market." Why? Did he go to buy or to be bought? Is he a free agent? If to buy, what and for whom? Is he an informed buyer, the sort who would study the Buyers' Index and Consumers' Guide? If, and it is altogether possible, if he is to be sold, what price will he bring? What will be the effect on the market price of the recent attempts to control agricultural surplus? And, in our ever-widening circle of relationships, is there a reasonable or an exorbitant profit for the farmer?

"This Little Pig stayed home."

Once again, why? Why did he stay home? Was he perhaps antisocial? What was there in his background that used him to stay home? What was his ome like? What did he do there? He may have been a truant. What can we do to make our schools attractive to the potential truant? Is it good for us to stay home sometimes?

"This Little Pig had roast beef."

Would you consider roast beef proper food for a pig? Which is better, nutritionally speaking, rare or well-done meat?

"This Little Pig had none."

Why not? Did he eat something else? What would you suggest as a well-balanced diet for a pig? What bad psychological effects are likely to result from the juxtaposition of plenty and scarcity? One authority suggests that this little pig was suffering from some slight indisposition. Another suggests that he was being punished. Do you concur with either of these theories? Or was he on one of those new liquid diets?

"This Little Pig cried 'Wee, Wee, Wee' all the way home."

Where had the little pig been? Why did he cry? What does this tell us about the pig's personality and character development? At what age do pigs nge from "wee" to "oink"?

Let us now invite the children to participate in certain worth-while activities which will provide experiential enrichment, accommodate individual differences, and permit the less literary and less articulate child to share in a rich experience.

(1) Arrange a bulletin board on the theme, "Pigs in Literature." This can entail some research and should include of course, "Dissertation on Roast Pig," "Pigs Is Pigs," etc.

(2) Build a home where a pig would like to stay. What size and shape would you make it? What materials and colors are most suitable?

(3) Stay home yourself and see how you like it.

(4) Prepare a scientific diet for a pig. Write to the U.S. Department of Agriculture, Washington 16, D.C., for the most recent information on the subject. Give careful attention to calorie intake and the proper balance of protein, carbohydrates, and fats. Consider particularly the cholesterol level of the diet.

(5) Dramatize "This Little Pig." This poem can be adapted to the "theatre-in-the-round" technique.

(6) Consult the visual-aids catalogues published by the visual-aids department of your school and show a film on pork production. Especially recommended is the U.S. Department of Agriculture film strip #208, "Pork Production in the United States, 1959."

(7) Try fasting when others are eating to learn how that little pig felt. List the advantages of fasting.

(8) Get a litter of five pigs and raise them so that they will be happy, healthy, and well adjusted. Keep a day-by-day account of their development, noting particularly their stability of personality.

—BERNICE BLACK.

• • •

ROBBING NONPETER TO PAY NONPAUL

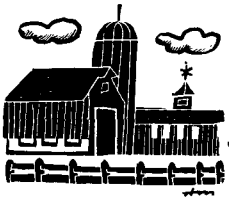
LIKE most urban Americans born since World War I, I have devoted my entire adult life to understanding the farm program. It's hard, dirty, heartbreaking work, and my chief comfort lies in the conviction that millions of farmers are out there trying to comprehend labor legislation. All of us are racing the clock, because one of these days the government is going to let the labor surplus eat the farm surplus.

Heartening news on this front recently emerged from the Hands Across the Upper Ohio Valley Committee, an organization devoted to improved understanding and intermarriage between steelworkers and truck farmers. A farm member from somewhere north of Chillicothe, Ohio, sent me word that his chapter now understands all the labor laws.

The Wagner, Taft-Hartley, and Landrum-Griffith Acts, he explains, are instruments to keep unions from butting into the business of management, and vice versa. Thus labor and management can settle their differences in the only sensible way: by ignoring each other. When this doesn't work, he says, then there is unemployment compensation that pays the workers not to have jobs, and there are tax provisions that pay business not to manufacture anything. This way everybody makes money, no matter what, and industrial production is an economic stimulus even when it stops.

I returned this analysis to the Ohio chapter, in case it was their only copy, and in exchange I sent them this urbanite summary of the farm program:

The trouble started when food production began to exceed food consumption. We have to eat up all the produce to keep prices stable. But government leaders knew that any attempt to correct the imbalance by encouraging peo-



ple to eat more would be opposed by the powerful AMA lobby as socialized obesity. So the only way to compensate for all the nonconsumption was to create an equal amount of nonproduction. It was simple. They decided to tax consumers for not consuming, then use the money to pay farmers for not farming. It's such a beautiful idea that we retain it, whether or not it works, for aesthetic reasons.

That's about all there is to report right now, except that the Hands Across the Upper Ohio Valley group is now drawing up its own subsidy plan: 20 per cent of all farm subsidy and unemployment compensation would be set aside in a special Congressional Incentive Fund. This would be used to reimburse Congressmen for not passing laws.

—A. C. VAN DINE.

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TRADE Winds

THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL subjects, many people think, are the John Birch Society, the Bomb, Freedom Riders, and the Kennedy Family. Wrong. What really gets Americans aroused is English grammar.

Not since I expressed some ignorance of the Bible a couple of years ago have I received so much mail as I did from

my report in TRADE WINDS (*SR*, July 14) about English teacher Ralph Jarvis of Hockessin, Delaware, and his battle with *Time* magazine. He crossed swords with Marie Grinnell, the advertising editor, over the wording of a Peugeot ad reading: "If you're one of the 2,000,000 people who is going to buy a compact car this year, why not buy the one compact that's rated one of the 7 best made cars in the world?"

Mr. Jarvis thought the copy should read: "who *are* going to buy."

The letters fell into these categories: (1) Jarvis is right; (2) Jarvis is wrong; (3) stop insulting teachers' colleges; (4) Hockessin sounds like a skin disease; (5) TRADE WINDS is so full of grammatical errors I have a nerve bringing up the matter.

Most of the letters came from English teachers; most of them defended *Time*'s position. Only one, so far as I know, did what we all would have done twenty-five years ago. Theodore Gnagey of Maplewood, New Jersey, diagrammed the sentence. He sent it to Miss Grinnell, who wrote back that "my face is properly red." *Time* was wrong, Jarvis right.

ANOTHER EMOTIONAL ISSUE, ranking with the question of socialized medicine in importance, split a little town in Connecticut recently. It was over a five-part quiz given the second grade. Pupils were asked to put certain activities in their proper order. For instance: If you were going fishing, what would you do first, next, and last: dig some worms; go to the river; get your fishing pole?

The argument came over one which a little girl put in this order: "(1) Get a ball and glove. (2) Find some friends who can play. (3) Make a home run." Wrong, said the teacher. *First*, you find some friends who can play, and *then* you get your ball and glove. Oh, no, you don't, argued the girl's father. When kids play, they grab the equipment and run out of the house looking for some buddies to join up with. They don't go all over the place searching for ball players and then go all the way back to the house for the ball and glove.

Then one mother squelched the affair by pointing out that it was all academic anyway. Nowadays boys and girls don't come home from school, grab an apple, and run out to play. Something has already been planned for them. After arriving home, they have to change quickly into some uniform or costume and get into the car. If you told a kid he was going to dig worms, get a fishing pole, and go to the river—he'd want to know whose mother was doing the driving.

HERE'S ANOTHER ONE for you experts. English is a tough language for a foreigner to learn, and the irregular verbs don't make it any easier. To prove the point, Sylvère Monod, chairman of the Department of English and American Studies at the University of Caen, wrote the following paragraph for us on his recent visit to this country—deliberately mixing up the past tenses to show how crazy our "strong," i.e., irregular, verbs are. For example: "I squoze (analogy: to freeze) the sponge."

Here is Professor Monod's paragraph. See if you can identify the verbs from which he drew each silly word:

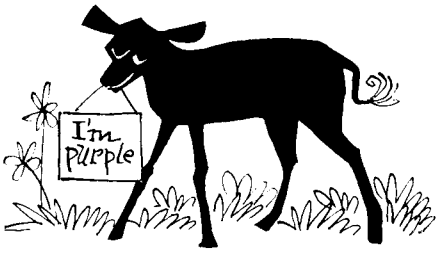
"First thing in the morning, the priest praught in Spanish which I found difficult to follow; the baker only half-book my bread; air loke out of my tires. It was chilly, and I snoze all the time. I bew to the people I know, but it love them unconcerned. When I pack up a book I thought I luck and trew hard to read it, it pell on me almost at once. Finally, I prack my finger with a needle; so I logue myself with my American friends and we all rash to the rescue of the good old strong English verbs."

THERE WERE ONCE three pregnant Indian women, according to William Carpenter of Kansas City. One slept on a horsehide and gave birth to a baby boy. The second slept on a coyote hide and had a girl. The third slept on a hippopotamus hide and was delivered of twins. When the chief of the tribe saw this he said: "Ugh. Squaw hippopotamus equal to sum of squaw of other two hides."

SHARPS AND FLATS: When Inez Robb and her husband got ejected from that hostelry in Phoenix for her disparaging remarks about the absence of a Bible in her room, and the proliferation of right-wing literature in its place, her husband received a telegram from some old college friends. "Congratulations," said the wire. "Only member of our fraternity ever thrown out of motel for high moral principles."

►The Commonwealth Savings & Loan Association in North Hollywood, California, gave away free books to entice potential customers into its new building to open an account. "Choose one of these best sellers," was the come-on. It was typical West Coast bravado; here are samples of the free "best sellers": "Anyone Can Have a Great Vocabulary," "The President's Lady," "Journey in the Dark," "My Religion," "With Gall and Honey," and "Senator Marlowe's Daughter." All paperbacks. Big deal.

►Cleveland's Dr. Jerome Z. Litt recently treated a young girl for a large infected insect bite on her right low



leg. She phoned a few days later to say the pain and itching were gone, but the calf was purple. Dr. Litt told her, "I never saw a purple calf. . . ."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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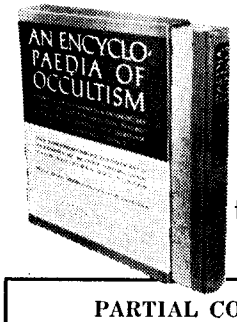

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Saturday Review

AUTOMATION'S AWKWARD AGE

—*Wide World.*

Control panel on the world's first fully automated subway train, New York—". . . still a limit, depending on the intelligence and grasp of the whole population."

By VANNEVAR BUSH, *Honorary Chairman of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This article appears here by special arrangement with Elmo Roper and Associates which is publishing the piece in its privately circulated newsletter, "The Public Pulse."*

WHEN the Industrial Revolution really struck England, the land of its birth, in the early years of the nineteenth century, the outcry against it was enormous, and no phrase of protest was more memorable than "the dark Satanic mills" against which William Blake so eloquently raised his poet's voice. The Factory was the locus of all Evil: it represented poverty, exploitation, and misery. The cotton mills of Manchester stood as world-wide symbols of Paradise Lost.

It took a twentieth-century English philosopher, Alfred North Whitehead, to point out that most of the terrible sufferings which accompanied the Industrial Revolution were in fact unnecessary and were not caused by the steam engine or the power loom; they were instead the consequences of a giant step achieved in technical innovation with no corresponding step at all in social, political, or economic innovation.

Within little more than a century we have hauled about on a completely new tack: whereas in the 1840s, the very existence of the factory system was deplored, by the 1960s the factory has become so infixed in our social thoughts that a decline in factory employment is now being widely heralded as the New Doom. Yet the heralded cause of the New Doom is the same as the cause of the Old (1789-1840) Doom. Only its name has changed.

There is nothing new about automation, except the term itself. It has been going on for generations. The automatic loom, power feeds on lathes, even the early scheme of making a pumping engine operate its own valves, were all forms of automation. In recent years the process has simply accelerated, for two reasons: One is the great increase in wages, which has put a premium on saving labor. The other is the advent of new devices, which lend themselves to be used in complex automatic machinery, *and which are reliable.*

This last point is important. If we have an automatic assembly including a thousand small devices: relays, valves, condensers, thermocouples, and so on, and if each of these is likely to fail even once a year, it is clear that the whole array will almost never be workable, but will be under almost continual repair. It was only when such things became ultra-reliable that great automatic systems, such as the automatic telephone system, became practically possible. We could well call our present time the age of reliable complexities.

The thought is abroad that the inevitably increasing use of sensing mechanisms, tape-instructed machines, more and more sophisticated feedback circuits, is going to put almost everyon out of work and that the mass America will then stand about with its mouth open and nothing to do: a nation of village idiots watching a mechanized

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parade go by. A more nonsensical notion transcends the imagination. There will always be enough work to do in America and everywhere else, to keep every man and woman busy for as many hours a week as future societies think desirable. A glance of the nation's slum-ridden cities, or its overcrowded schools, or even a glance at your own backyard—or mine—will verify this simple statement.

It is of course true that automatic devices can throw men out of work, locally and temporarily, if no steps are taken to shift men to other jobs and, if necessary, train them for them. But, on an over-all basis, automation creates jobs. The automobile industry is a good example. It would be quite impossible, in anything like its present form and extent, without extensive automation. When the auto became popular it knocked out trades like carriage building and harness making. But it created 100 jobs for every one it made obsolete. And it created wealth, widespread and real. The man who owns a modern car, even a compact, is decidedly wealthy in terms of the true value of his personal possessions, compared with the tycoon of a few generations ago driving a horse and buggy.

PEOPLE forget that automation saves labor in production, but calls for labor to build and operate the machines. If the latter is more costly than the former, it does not make sense to have an automatic machine at all. But every good job of automating decreases the cost of production: if it does not, then it is not a good job. Decreasing the cost inevitably decreases the price of the product in any field where there is real competition. And this means more sales. More sales means more jobs. The net result of well-planned automation is thus to increase the available jobs.

The other main objection raised against automation has been that it makes for the creation of monotonous jobs. The usual picture is of a man sitting by a belt on which washing machines go by, and drilling just one hole in a certain place in each one. The absurdity, of course, is that this is just the sort of task which is made automatic. Unless the company making washing machines were dumber than most companies, the man would soon be replaced by a little gadget to drill the hole. If it were too dumb to make this change, it would soon be taken over by more intelligent company. And the man, if he were reasonably adaptable and alert, would soon be doing a job that is far from monotonous: building such devices, or adjusting and maintaining them.

Actually there is a limit, in fact there are several limits, to the amount of automation that can justifiably be carried out. No automation is worth while unless it will reduce the over-all cost of production. This includes the important element that it must be reliable enough so that costs will not be unduly increased by down time (a period of machine inactivity). In estimating this, one has to remember that down time of one group of machines may stop production on many others.

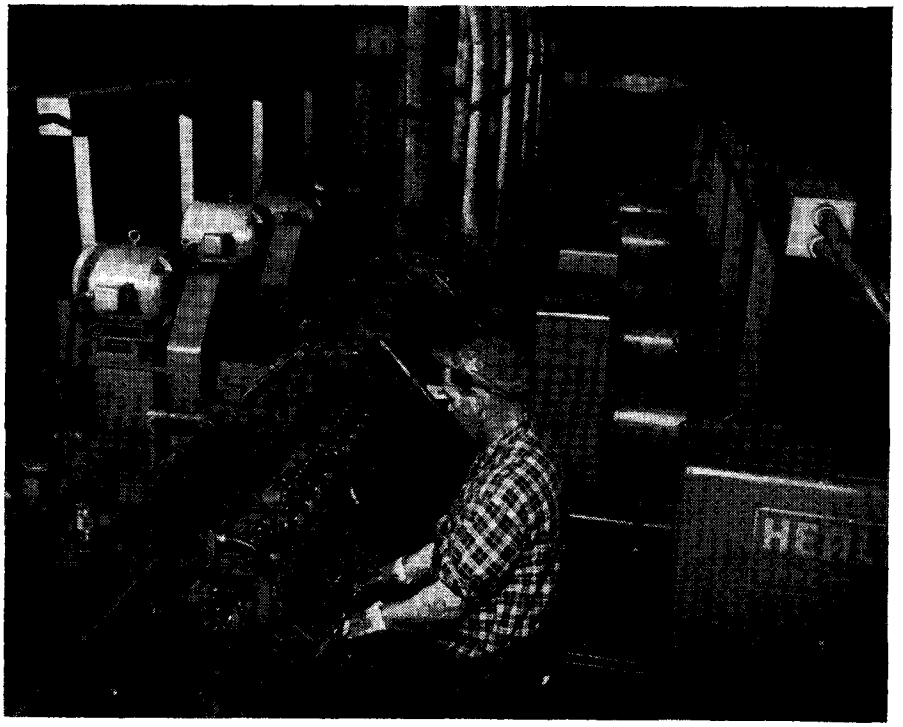
But from a broader basis, from the standpoint of the country as a whole, automation can proceed only as fast as there are skilled men to carry it out. If, by some magic, a machine shop a century ago had acquired a modern automatic screw machine, it would have stood idle, or soon become wrecked, because there simply were no men about with the understanding and skill at mechanical gadgetry to set it up properly to do a job, and this included the boss of the shop and its owner. Today, due to automobiles, television sets, and kitchen gadgetry, youngsters acquire mechanical and electrical skills in the same way their grandfathers learned to drive a horse, and of course also because our schools teach some sorts of things much better. So we can build, install, and maintain all sorts of complex devices and systems. But there is still a limit, depending on the intelligence and grasp of the whole population. For one thing it is by no means every boss of an industrial company who understands automation well enough to be able to plan it effectively.

I am far from saying that we shall not encounter serious problems as mechanization proceeds at an exponential rate. On the contrary, I am sure we will. The lot of the poorly educated or insufficiently skilled, always hard, will become harder. The man-in-the-rut, who loses his rut, will need retraining at society's expense and, as we have already come to know, the retraining will not always take. The old, like the young, will need more care, shelter, and protection. All these groups and some others will need greater help from society than they are at present getting. This is a price of progress: it need not be too high for what is thereby achieved. Nor need it be burdensome to industry or an inflationary pressure on the economy.

A CERTAIN very small percentage of humans will abuse the new society which will come forth: slackers, malingerers, free-loaders, bums—whatever you wish to call them. But such drones have always been with us. They constitute a very small (and essentially sick) fraction of humanity. A fairly constant activity of mind and body characterizes the overwhelming majority of human beings. Indeed, society's severest punishment, next to execution itself, is deprivation of normal, free activity—to wit, imprisonment.

We are fond of saying that "good" motives like duty and thrift, or "bad" motives like greed and acquisitiveness,

(*Continued on page 47*)



—*Ford Motor Company.*

Transfer machine in Ford's V8 Plant—an "age of reliable complexities."

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THE POET ON HIS POEM

By PAUL ENGLE, *director of the University of Iowa's Writers Workshop, and* JOSEPH LANGLAND, *author of a forthcoming book of poetry, "The Wheel of Summer." The following article will appear as a preface to "Poet's Choice," a collection of 100 poems, each by a contemporary British or American poet, and each chosen by the poet as the favorite from among his own works. It will be published in October by The Dial Press.*

SOMETIMES the poet envies the gaudy spectacles of other arts. There is the evening concert, the conductor glittering with white tie and tails, the orchestra itself in rows of fancy dress (why should those marvelous sounds need all of this assertive clothing?), and the audience arrayed in an exuberance of clothes. There is the museum opening, the corridors a babble of guests gazing at the works of art. There is the theatre opening, the critics like blackbirds roosting in the front rows, waiting for the first shy sound to come from the new creature of the play (before rattling its head with their savage beaks).

Where is the poet? He is alone, creating his private art, with something of a hope that it will see the public air one day, but knowing that few will buy his book and that even for his publisher to print it is an act of charity. Now and then he will give a reading, but this is a casual affair, however helpful it is in restoring the human voice to the written word.

Yet the poet has one great and rewarding advantage over other practicing artists. When he speaks of his own work, he does so in the same medium in which he wrote, language. When the composer or sculptor or musician speaks about his own art, he must do so in a medium foreign to the musical tone, color, and shape and line with which he created his own art.

When we invited 100 living poets each to select a favorite or crucial poem from his own work and comment on it, we were not surprised, therefore, to find that they did so with fervor, insight, and eloquence. Nor were we startled at the intensity of devotion to the craft of poetry expressed by many poets. Nor by the fact that several were hesitant to name any poem and did so only after reconsiderations, and a few (Eliot and Sitwell and Auden) chose not to do so at all. An overwhelming majority, however, did choose a poem, and their poems and comments make a unique addition to contemporary poetics.

One of the more moving tributes to the power of poetry was made by Robert Graves. Many poets feel that poetry has given shape and point to their lives, but Graves said flatly that writing a certain poem saved his life. He had been wounded through the lung in World War I and was vulnerable to the killing influenza afterward. He was desperately ill, but "one thing kept me alive: the obstinate intention of getting my poem right. . . . By the thirty-fifth draft I had all but solved this, and was tottering about on a stick. 'The Troll's Nosegay' saved my life."

Many poets gave detailed and conscious views of their own poetry. Now and then a poet would state that a poem was a favorite because it had come readily to mind. But usually the poet told enough to indicate that he had a long encounter with his verse. Thus John Ciardi wrote: "I was all for this project until I sat down and . . . found it to be the most demanding and uncomfortable confusion into which I had ever plunged myself." But he did choose a poem and concluded with a shrewd comment that poetry is fundamentally moral "provided the morality is first alive enough to sing and joyous enough to seek form."

MANY could resolve the difficulty of choice only by placing the emphasis upon what had been germinal or crucial in their poetry at a certain point: "The center of all my poetry thus far" or "It is from this poem that I hope to make a fresh start." Some said they had little affection for poems once they were written. Thus John Betjeman: "I don't like any of my verses very much; only the one I am engaged on at the time interests me."

William Carlos Williams knew precisely why the particular poem he chose pleased him: "I write in the American idiom and for many years I have been using what I call the variable foot. 'The Descent' is the first poem in that medium that wholly satisfied me." And E. E. Cummings said of "my father moved through dooms of love," "I choose this poem in the hope that it's not only a portrait of a particular person (one erect generous whole human unique being) but a celebration of the miracle of individuality."

An almost endless working and reworking of words and lines is at least the partial lot of good poets, and many of them spoke with an almost painful affection of the number of times they revised a favorite poem. Kingsley Amis seemed to feel that one reason for the liking he has for his poem "After Goliath" is the long effort he put into

(*Continued on page* 47)

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Manner of Speaking

A GREEN WREATH DESERVED: John Holmes, poet, teacher, and my friend, died on June 22, 1962. He was suffering from an advanced cancer, but the actual cause of his death was an embolism that mercifully shortened his suffering. He was fifty-eight years old.

Rare is the poet who can resist thinking about his own death and writing about it. John Holmes could have made a small book of the poems that touched on his-death-foreseen. In his poem "Self Portrait," written eighteen years ago, he asked of himself, half in reverie: "But if he died/ Untimely so young, so gifted etc. how would his death notice read?" And he ended "The Fear of Dying" by refusing his own funeral:

I say No to death.
No death. Let them stand, the walls of my house. I'll
Be angry I cannot sit there angry at such time's waste. . . .
It is enough to make a man think twice about dying
I'll send myself a green wreath, I'll send a wreath
All green, deserved, but not be there for that death.

I am no impartial observer and could not write the official death notice he meant. In the sad ironies of this world, I could not even be there for that death, for his funeral. I could, however, and did take his poems to read again, and in them certainly John Holmes has his green wreath.

I wish he could have been surer of that. He wanted consumingly to be recognized as a poet. He felt—as he wrote me shortly before his death—that he had been neglected.

He was disturbed by that neglect. He did not mean that he wanted to be hailed as The Great American Poet. He had no such pretensions. But he knew that the good of his poems was there and he complained that it had not been received.

I did not know how ill he was—neither did he then—and I scolded him a mild bit. God knows I agreed with what he said. I have long known his poems to be better than their reception in the general literary world. But I told him he wasted his time and his emotional energy in coveting such baubles as prize juries and committees uld bestow. For what real right does any poet have to recognition and special rewards? Blessed be the fact that some few do receive accolades, but a poem, finally, is written in something like the same joy that begets a child in love, though, like parenthood, it must suffer painful revision. Poems are what a poet does because he cannot stop. He is drawn to them as an alcoholic is drawn to whiskey. Why should a man be rewarded for what he does compulsively, for the act of being himself?

Yet, if to be oneself and to find the voice, the form, and the metric blood-dance for saying it is to deserve well of the human race, then John Holmes merited the recognition of grateful readers. He knew himself and his limitations, and he insisted upon them as they were. This gentle yet stubborn insistence was the center of his character and of his poetic voice.

He stood outside the main current of literary fashion because the voice and the character upon which he insisted were to one side of the most popular literary taste. John Holmes was not an intellectual, nor a yea sayer, nor a defender or castigator of the age, nor a purveyor of messages. He never wrote and never tried to write an Important Poem.

What he wrote might better be called Small True Poems. His poetry is local, personal, and, if anything, intellectually timid. What he felt at home in was not the great forensic crossroads of the age, but the side streets of his own life and the house and furniture of its days.

BUT if the life he described was limited in terms of ethos, mythos, and the tragedia of the world's mind, he nevertheless sounded truly the voice of his local day. Read those quoted lines again. They speak because they were written to a speaking voice, the voice of American speech, low keyed but true, the rhythms unmistakably of the American voice box and managed in their own way. No other man's poetry gives off quite the same sound. If most of the quarterly critics have tended to dismiss his poems with little more than kindness, readers less concerned with being in fashion—W. H. Auden and William Carlos Williams among them—have been moved to praise the poetry of John Holmes precisely for this speaking quality and for the honesty of its unpretentiousness.

We all live in two minds. To be a poet is to vacillate between being a madman for ego and a desperate man for doubt. If now and then John Holmes was gnawed by the doubt into which all of us fall, I see no doubt that his poems survive in both modesty and truth. Listen to the opening of "Self Portrait":

Store windows reflect the big head on a neck bent forward
On the tall too-heavy body. It shuffles past, not strides.
Water and sky watch him nameless, no one, the tolerant sun
Browns him fortunately. He is lazy and coward about cold.
Among many twisted, many scarred, this one is at least whole.
Look at him. His is all parts trying to know one another,
The thinking undisciplined, the heart hurried. He means well.
Unfinished business haunts him, and all the words he never said
Suddenly. He wears a thin skin over forty years of memory.

This is not great poetry, but certainly it is a sickness for an audience to demand nothing but the great. This poetry is a low-keyed and relatively unagonized acceptance of the small truth in an age given to a higher-keyed engagement with the Big Truth, the Big Disaster. God knows the Big Disaster upon us may be truth enough. But until that Big Disaster—and, hopefully, through it and beyond it—there walks just this slightly self-conscious, mildly bemused, wishful, true man, his mind divided, his doubts upon him, his loves waiting at home for him, his life not so much walking into history as escaping from it into a familiar-made room, happy when he enters it, his loves there, his family, his books, the clutter of things he loves and uses, or cannot use but simply keeps because he is an obsessive keeper of things, a Yankee string-and-nail collector within his own bemused soul. It is not great poetry, but it is poetry in which any reader may find the pleasure of finding a man's voice speaking the man to life.

John Holmes would have asked no more than that. His poetry asks no more than that. Life is the act of being who you are. Sentience is the state of registering that life. Poetry is that way of making and saying what that life is and how it feels. To read John Holmes is to meet that life, to learn that sentience, and to hear that voice.

In the students he taught in his twenty-eight years at Tufts University, and in his poems, John Holmes has his green wreathes. He has one from his students in honor and thanks. And one from his friends in sorrow and affection. And the greenest of all, since it will certainly outlast the others, from his readers in their pleasure that they will be able to find him and his voice again and again in his poems. John Holmes is there for that death after all, because he is there in the good life of his poems.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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Saving the Children Can Save Us

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of this week's guest editorial is Director, American Institute of Biological Sciences, Interdisciplinary Conference Program, New York, New York.*

TWO years ago I made a short visit to Moscow in an effort to encourage participation of the Soviet government and Soviet professional organizations in the celebration of "World Mental Health Year—1960," which was being sponsored by the World Federation for Mental Health. When I found I was making little progress in this particular, I decided to do what I could, as an individual, in regard to the more general problem of promoting better international understanding.

On January 29 I had an appointment with Professor A. Leontiev, vice-president of the Academy of Pedagogical Sciences, whom I had met during an earlier visit to Moscow. Professor Leontiev received me with great courtesy. Several of his associates were present. After talking about plans for World Mental Health Year—1960, I spoke of a matter which had long been close to my heart:

"Our diplomats," I said, "are trying to build bridges across the great chasm which separates East from West. But I have been interested for some time in what might lie at the bottom of the chasm, where you need no bridge because you can walk across. If, in fact, there exists no area where bridges are not necessary—no common denominator to which all mankind can subscribe, then, indeed, we have reason to despair. But if there is such a common denominator, however modest, it might become the foundation upon which we could build and gradually underpin the bridges that our diplomats are trying to construct.

"My first thought had been that religion might provide such a common denominator, but I quickly realized this might not be persuasive in the Soviet Union. [My listeners nodded their heads in assent.] Then I considered culture, but it seemed clear that cultural differences tend to separate peoples from one another rather than to bring them together. Then I asked myself: 'If such common ground cannot be found at the religious level or at the cultural level, where can it be sought?'

"This brought me to biology, and again I asked myself: 'what is there in biology that is humanly significant and that can serve as a common denominator for all mankind?' It then came over me that the concern which parents feel for their very young is a vital characteristic of many species, including the human race. Without parental concern for helpless offspring, many species could not survive. This dominant instinct is deeply rooted in biology and evolution and can be traced as far back as the insects. In mammals the maternal protective instinct is so strong that it very often overcomes other deeply rooted patterns of behavior.

"The cat, for example, has an inborn instinct to kill mice and rats, but, if she is presented with an infant rat at the time she is nursing her newborn kittens, she will adopt the ratling, nurse it, and bring it up as one of her own. Dogs, to take another example, s to have a natural awareness of the helplessness of small children and will protect them at great risk to themselves. At a more primitive level of evolution, there is a species of sun fish in which the male parent, as soon as the eggs are fertilized, takes them in his mouth and foregoes food until the eggs are hatched. Then, for several weeks, until the small fry are old enough to fend for themselves, the 'father' guards them, and at the first sign of danger gives a signal at which the infant fish take refuge in the paternal mouth—a kind of displaced return to the womb!

"At the human level, parents' concern for their very young is the foundation of the family, and from this deep protective feeling of parents for their children springs many of the highest human aspirations."

I went on to say to my Russian listeners: "We have now reached a point in history where no nation can any longer protect its own children. No government, however powerful, can guarantee the safety of its most precious possession—its children. If the bombs come, New York will disappear, London will disappear, and maybe e Moscow will vanish—and the children will be lost. But if the nations would agree to join hands to protect each other's children, then the children might be saved. If the USSR would guarantee the safety of all American children and if the USA would guarantee the safety of all Russian children, then *all* the children could be saved."

I am happy to report that this suggestion met with an enthusiastic response. "We had no idea you were interested in anything so important as that!" I was told.

The next day I had an opportunity to repeat my suggestion at the Academy of Medical Sciences, where I was received by the vice-president, Professor S. A. Sarkisov, and a small group of his colleagues. Again my remarks met with an enthusiastic response.

In this country also, wherever I have reported my Moscow conversation, the idea that the USA and the USSR might guarantee the safety of each other's children has been warmly received.

If this idea has merit in the minds and hearts of so many people, there must be some means to implement it. If parents' concern for their very yo is a common denominator valid for ... mankind, could not this small but vital area of agreement become the cornerstone for lasting peace?

—FRANK FREMONT-SMITH.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CHARACTER X

When a reviewer begins a critique of an author's book with the pronouncement that he has just been required to read all the aforementioned author's works (as in some kind of marathon) to find new words for a dictionary supplement, he is already suspect.

Miss Marghanita Laski in reviewing Elizabeth Bowen's book "Seven Winters: Memories of a Dublin Childhood, and Afterthoughts: Pieces on Writing" [*SR*, July 28] is more than suspect; she is unfair. One simply cannot dispense with Elizabeth Bowen's complex, subtly shaded galaxy of characters who certainly have race, class, heredity, date, and place of birth, as just "genie-like evocations called up to fit immediate imaginative means." Nor can we characterize them as "X's"—anonymous, one-dimensional stick figures, as Miss Laski would have us do. In this regard, the reviewer seems to interpret Miss Bowen out of context, giving the impression that the author herself regards her own characters as "X" people created merely to serve the evocation of mood and place. Surely what Bowen intended in her self-analysis is an acknowledgment that the place, the atmosphere, often provokes her story and gives rise to the characters—but never supplants them.

Shirley Mezvinsky.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

UNPLEASANT BUT NECESSARY

In reply to Mr. Robert Cirre's comments [*SR*, July 21] concerning John Ciardi's article on Henry Miller [*SR*, June 30]: Democracy has many unpleasant aspects, not the least of which is the necessity of tolerating the opinions of other men regardless of their agreement or disagreement with our own views. However unpleasant Henry Miller's way or view of life, there is no reason why it should be accorded less liberty or fewer privileges than any other as long as he pursues it and writes of it with as much artistic integrity as possible (granted, a difficult criterion to gauge). Perhaps we can "do without" his philosophy of life, but I'm not so sure it is so remote from us as to warrant such indignation as Mr. Cirre vented in his comments.

Wendell R. Nelson.

Morris, Minn.

WITHIN TEN YEARS

In his letter to the editor [*SR*, July 28], John Broadus Jones seems to challenge Stuart Chase's faith in the validity of C. P. Snow's prediction, "some of the bombs will *certainly* go off within ten years unless the arms race is arrested."

But Sir Charles is to be congratulated for his insight! The bombs *have* been going off—in unprecedented magnitudes and with alarming frequency—ever since the Soviet and American resumptions of testing last year.

G. J. Ringer.

Tallahassee, Fla.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"Now he's bought Louisiana—and look at all the empty lots right here in Washington."

READERS ALL

It is small wonder that, having been spoon-fed slop by what John Ciardi calls "Militant Virtues" [*SR*, July 14], youngsters of high school age detest the whole concept of reading. Anyone who has been around children—overheard them in their natural talk—seen them in their own world, unhampered by adult taboos—knows they are a direct lot, given to direct, uncomplicated communications and actions. William Faulkner voices the spirit of childhood succinctly in "The Reivers" when he has Lucius ruminate: "There is no crime which a boy of eleven had not envisaged long ago." Yet Militant Virtues, in the form of spinster (married or no) teachers, both daily and Sunday types, insist on ramming literary butterflies and good shepherds down unwilling and unbelieving little gullets.

Mr. Ciardi asks how far MV views have invaded the schools! Far enough, in my experience, that the librarian in a high school of nearly 1,000 pupils will not buy a copy of any Salinger book and keeps Hemingway under the counter. Far enough so a teacher of English will not discuss a book ("Catcher in the Rye") that some 90 per cent of her students have read and are eager to evaluate.

Barbara J. Whelan,
Teacher of English,
Stonington High School.

Stonington, Conn.

Taylor Caldwell's letter to the editor [*SR*, July 14] stating that children aren't taught to read and write in the schools, that children don't read, and that there are very few who have the intelligence to read, should not go unanswered. Children are taught to read, they do read, and the intelligence of many who enter my library impresses me very favorably. The children read about astronomy and amphibians, stamp collecting and skin diving, archaeology and art, dinosaurs and deserts; they read about the Civil War, about sports, about pets, and of course they read lots of juvenile fiction. Yes, our children do read.

Sereen U. Kane,
Librarian,
Excelsior Elementary School.

Excelsior, Minn.

THE LONELY BRAVE

Is there a valid reason for your reviewer to have "given away" the ending of "Lonely Are The Brave" [*SR*, July 21]? I think this is unfair to the film and to those who read the review and, finding it favorable, intend to see the picture.

Jerome Bick.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Arthur Knight has a perfect right to grow ecstatic over Dalton Trumbo's anti-American screen vulgarity, but he certainly has no right to echo Trumbo's fault finding with America. The picture belongs in the privies Trumbo so crudely introduces to terminate his hero.

Philip R. Davis.

Chicago, Ill.

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By Katharine Kuh

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Man from WHO

EVERY public-service agency on earth has probably decided at one time or another to produce a movie about itself in order to make the taxpayers aware of its existence and purposes. After all, isn't this one of the better ways to get a story across simply and directly to a large number of people? The only trouble is that movies are also expensive, as a little preliminary investigation soon reveals. Even with all the talent contributed (and film makers, whether before or behind the camera, are particularly generous about working free for good causes), the elemental costs of raw stock, processing, etc., are still discouragingly high. Sooner or later, the idea is abandoned, and the agency's executives wait for the movie people to discover *them*.

It is strange that these discoveries have been so very rare. The so-called "do-good" organizations exist in abundance. The files of such groups must be crowded with stories of heroic achievement, of resourcefulness under pressure, and of devotion beyond the call of duty. The organizations themselves, in most instances, would be delighted to make this material available to any film maker who comes their way. The studios, however, continue to shy away from such entangling alliances. They are afraid that any effort made to dramatize good works might be interpreted as a "message" picture, which is a word that frightens them even more than "documentary."

The new British comedy **"A Matter of WHO"** must, therefore, have come as a particularly pleasant surprise to the members of the World Health Organization, the "WHO" of the title. Produced by Walter Shenson, who was also responsible for "The Mouse That Roared," it is not a drably factual report, but a constantly amusing and frequently exciting detective story, in which the villain of the piece is the unwitting carrier of a smallpox infection and the "private eye" is Terry-Thomas, the man from WHO. Cleverly, it interweaves the World Health Organization's routine in checking on diseases throughout the world with a tale of skulduggery in the oil fields of the Middle East and chicanery in the upper brackets of high finance. The result is a fine thriller that is also enlightening.

And its entertainment quotient is appreciably enhanced by the presence of the improbably hyphenated Terry-Thomas, a performer hitherto identified with rather dim-witted and slightly larcenous roles—and with a proclivity for mugging. In "A Matter of WHO," not only has the mugging been minimized (presumably by director Don Chaffey), but Terry-Thomas has created the role of a harassed civil servant who is dogged, knowledgeable, courageous, and intolerably right in his hunches. He is also, when the occasion demands, terribly funny. With magnificent aplomb, he drives his gnat of an auto underneath a vast trailer to get away from the traffic. There is just the right curl to his lip when he mutters, "Handles quite well for a modern car." And he gets almost as much mileage from his bowler hat and furled umbrella, the mark of the middle-class Englishman, as W. C. Fields used to from his battered straw and jaunty cane. For eye appeal, there is a striking new brunette, Sonja Ziemann, who plays an equivocal French adventuress with intelligence and charm. Intelligence and charm, incidentally, are precisely the qualities that elevate the entire film above the level of the average, run-of-the-mill mystery thriller.

THE DEATH of Jerry Wald in Hollywood last month meant more than just the passing of a man; it also marked the passing of that breed of producers who live for films alone, whose sole passion was the creation of motion pictures. In an era of independent production, with most producers concentrating on but a single film, Wald liked to have half a dozen under way—with twenty more simmering on the back burners. To be sure, some were mere pot boilers. He was realist enough to recognize that films are expensive and that the rent must be paid.

But increasingly in the past few years, the balance was shifting the way Wald always wanted it to go. He might do Grace Metalius and Rona Jaffe, but there were also Faulkner, Lawrence, and Hemingway. Among the projects left unfinished were "High Wind in Jamaica," and James Joyce's "Ulysses." He dreamed big and worked like a demon to fulfill those dreams. Yet he always found time somehow to pass on his acute knowledge of the picture business to the next generation—to students, novices, and his own youthful staff. It would be the best possible tribute to him if they were to carry on from where he left off.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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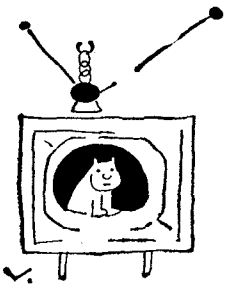
TV AND RADIO

Pussy Cats and Propriety



NO ONE who has enjoyed listening to the records of Shelley Berman's night-club performances can really say that he depends on indelicate humor for his uproarious success. This high-strung, explosive monologist, who numbers among his admirers men like Louis Untermeyer as well as legions of subteen and teen-age boys and girls, achieves his extraordinary impact through a wide-ranging repertoire of universally recognizable and hilarious situations. He has kept night-club audiences in desirable torture for as long as three hours at a time, and I have no doubt he could do it without once using an anatomical joke. But to make a larger point, I select an incident involving just this kind of joke.

One of Berman's most popular and effective routines in night clubs and on records is a justified spoof of television commercials. In a sixty-minute, one-man spectacular that will appear on ABC-TV (August 14), he is updating this routine. The show is being sponsored by Pharmacraft Laboratories, makers of Allerest allergy tablets; and Berman told me in a recent conversation that, except for obvious legal and ethical restraints imposed in regard to explicit mention of competing pharmaceutical products, "so far, nobody has pushed me to the wall."

The network's Continuity Acceptance Department cleared a routine about "a product whose advertising is not compatible with its esthetic pretensions." The satirized commercials for this product offer symbols of softness such as "a feather-boa, a pussy cat around the ankles, a girl's hair blowing in the wind, a mother holding a child to her breast . . . it's really a toilet paper commercial."

That's where the joke will end on his television show, Berman said. If he were doing it in a night club, he would have no concern about "violating public taste." He would push on to "Who are they trying to kid? We know what it's for. Do they expect us to use pussy cats?" The comedian said seriously that he knows where to stop on TV. In a night club, he pointed out, it's different; your audience tells you how far you may go. However, he continued, one should not stereotype audiences: "A church social may invite the strongest line. A stag night may be stuffy."

The entertainer's consideration for the feelings of the home audience coincides with the Television Code of the National Association of Broadcasters—which places upon all who use the medium responsibility for "the highest standards of respect for the American home, applied to every moment of every program presented by television." Yet, although Berman's attitude makes obeisance to the mythology of "public taste," and sounds eminently proper, the fact is that, in great numbers of American living rooms, his records made from night-club performances – with jokes which are similar to the feather-boa and pussy-cat jest – are played again and again by children. To echo the comedian: Who are they trying to kid?

My two daughters, Muffet, eleven, and Diana, thirteen, are great fans of Berman. They have played his records so many times that they almost know his routines by heart. He told me that adults in night-club audiences in many cities have said he has the same effect upon their children. And not one parent seems to feel his children are being exposed to undesirable humor. Muffet tells me that she likes Shelley Berman "because his jokes are not about stocks or politics, but they're jokes kids can understand and enjoy—like when he tells about a speck of milk in a glass, or a television commercial where a woman breathes on a man and he disappears completely—I'm telling you if you can destroy the whole melecular system, you've trouble in your mouth, kiddo!"

Anatomical jokes which are universal are forbidden on TV; but violence spills over living-room floors nightly in ruddy-gore respectability. And there is another double standard here—hardly surprising but vividly illustrated by this small incident. Is television overcautious: who is it that is being protected —the child, the parent, or the sponsor?

Fortunately, this behind-the-scenes bit will probably do no damage to the Shelley Berman show. It is alleged that children dominate the TV channel selectors anyway. They should be allowed to stay up late for this one—and if Berman is in his usual form, the adults will find the domination to their satisfaction.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TZE, MPL, CTF, ETC.

Here are twenty definitions of words which have unusual internal consonant combinations. On the basis of the fragments exhibited, Mrs. James W. Hawkins of Schenectady, New York, asks you to reconstruct the complete words. Answers on page 25.

1. gauche	__ WKW __ __ __
2. sailing ship	__ __ NDJ __ __ __ __ __
3. amorphous	__ __ RML __ __ __
4. hallucination	__ __ __ HTM __ __ __ __
5. keepsake	__ __ __ __ MBR __ __ __ __
6. cowardly	__ __ __ NTH __ __ __ __ __ __
7. uneasy	__ __ STL __ __ __
8. capricious	__ __ CKL __
9. offensive	__ __ __ TZK __ __ __ __
10. murderer	__ __ TTH __ __ __ __
11. divers	__ __ NDR __
12. metamorphosis	__ __ __ NSF __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __
13. querulous	__ __ MPL __ __ __ __ __ __
14. relative	__ __ NSM __ __
15. real	__ __ NCR __ __ __
16. elegant	__ __ MPT __ __ __ __
17. enigmatic	__ NKN __ __ __
18. redundant	__ __ __ __ RFL __ __ __ __
19. diplomatic	__ __ CTF __ __
20. estimation	__ __ DGM __ __ __

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Canada-on-the-Pacific

THAT successful launch into the twenty-first century, which was effected with so much publicity (including that in *SR*, March 17 and August 4, 1962) on the banks of Puget Sound this summer, has caused tremors as far east as Yellowstone, where, this year, anyway, there is scarcely room for the bears.

Canada's southwest tourist corner—Vancouver, Victoria, and all the islands in between—was awash with tourists. When I steamed into Vancouver the other week, straight from the wide-open spaces of Manitoba, the best rooms had long since gone, and I was required to fall back upon the old Hotel Vancouver, which is operated as a sort of joint enterprise by the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific railroad companies. Canada's railroad hotels, which have long stood as great baronial bulwarks strung across the nation, are sinking as slowly as a Fitzpatrick sunset into the west. Like the travelogues, most belong to another era. In Winnipeg the city has grown up in another direction, leaving the Canadian Pacific's hotel in a *demodée* section of town, and the Vancouver and CPR's Empress in Victoria are sadly in need of major uplifting or permanent retirement.

In several cities competition has come from luxury motels—Toronto's Four Seasons and Victoria's Imperial are good examples. Biggest of all, and the most elaborate, is the Bayshore in Vancouver, where I was ultimately able to relocate. Faintly Chinesey in style — perhaps South Pacific Modern would be a better term—it sits on the water in view of fishing boats, yachts, evergreen forests, and rising mountains. Seaplanes whistle in from the surrounding lakes, a helicopter waits to thunder off to the airport, and its own branch of Trader Vic's is established in a Samoan longhouse, or whatever they call it, right on the grounds. It makes an engaging setting, and I was surprised, but pleased all the same, to see the place turn up alongside the elegant Ritz of Lisbon (*SR*, December 19, 1959), the Istanbul Hilton (*SR*, July 2, 1955), and Acapulco's Las Brisas in a *Life* spread on nineteen of the world's most luxurious hotels.

It has been more than a decade since I was last in Vancouver, and during all those intervening years I reflected upon the city as a sort of Canadian counterpart of Seattle—young, vigorous, and waterlogged; spreading up mountainsides and around inlets, preoccupied with its pleasure boats, with lumber and shipping; serving the northlands, but looking toward the Far East. I think, now, that all that still holds, but there were other aspects as well, which summon thoughts of San Francisco: the large Chinese colony, for one thing, and Lion's Gate Bridge for another. While liners in from Singapore and Yokohama sail under the Bruges lace of its superstructure, motorists roll over Lion's Gate on their way to the hillside homes of North and West Vancouver. It reminded me of nothing so much as the ride across Golden Gate to the engaging San Francisco suburbs that lie beyond. It is a favorite excursion in Vancouver to embark on the sunset bus tour cruising along the Upper Levels Highway, a *corniche* in its own right, and looking back across Burrard Inlet toward downtown Vancouver as the sun is on the wane and the lights are going on. The north-shore homes are a sight themselves, and the Gray Line sends its buses past them the way the sightseeing caravans roll up and down Fifth Avenue looking at the last remaining mansions. Best known is the settlement called British Properties, a lazy circle on the north shore organized before the war by the Guinness brewing family expressly for British citizens seeking a tax refuge in the New World.

Elsewhere in the evergreen forests along the north shore, chair-lifts clack up the mountains sides, suspension bridges sway over canyons, and chalets crown the mountain peaks that stretch up to the 4,600-foot level. Horseshoe Bay fjord, where the ferries come in from Nanaimo across the Strait of Georgia, seemed to me to be a displaced postcard of some Norwegian nook where steamers come to fetch the summer tourists, bubbling over their first breakfast of dried reindeer meat.

Although north-shore Vancouver is all bedroom and playground, the south shore, caressed as it is by Burrard Inlet and English Bay, is not all business. For one thing there is Stanley Park, a bosque that fills a thousand-acre peninsula minutes away from the heart of downtown Vancouver. Decorated with imposing totems, it is heavy with the memory of Indians, the last of whom, it is said, were not removed from here until 1927. The Musqueam, many of whom were said to have red hair, buried their nobles in cedar boxes suspended over the water. When the last of the boxes were removed, early in the 1900s, some of the remains included long red tresses, or so it is said by old Indian folklorists still at large in Vancouver today.

Indian canoes, the decorations from the old transpacific Empress of India, a Lost Lagoon, a zoo, and an aquarium are some of the attractions of Stanley Park. So is the Ferguson Point Tea House, which has outdoor tables where diners can watch the salmon fishermen, sailboats, and freighters while nibbling at goulash, paprika chicken, and European sausages. Run by Middle Europeans, it is one of the city's summer joys.

English Bay washes along the west shore of Stanley Park and against a whole string of beaches. English Bay Beach with its sandy strand, the old Sylvia Hotel, and the new rakish apartments running around its edge, took me back to Sydney, a city where the metropolis comes right down to the shore. Logs that had long since broken away from booms had washed up on Locarno Beach and Spanish Banks Beach, and bathers rested against them while

Vancouver—"young, vigorous, and waterlogged."

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watching the smoking Pacific freighters funnel into the narrows. On the heights above the beaches, the same view is perpetually enjoyed by those who teach and study at the University of British Columbia. With the bay below and the peaks rising in the background, the university has one of the most striking campus backdrops in the academic world.

Like the Pacific cities of the United States—I'm thinking of San Francisco, Seattle, and San Diego—Vancouver is conscious of *kultur*. It has been staging annual international festivals, a city-wide affair that offers presentations of the performing and visual arts. This year's jamboree, running from July 11 to August 18, opened with an international film festival—like sewage disposal plants, every city has one—and moved on to concerts, dance recitals by a visiting Filipino troupe, presentations by La Comédie Francaise and the Gilbert and Sullivan company from the Stratford Ontario Festival, and offerings by the Bunraku Theatre of Japan, which, like many of the foreign performers, were appearing at nearby Seattle. The library offered a display of beautiful books through five centuries, and the University of British Columbia showed Oriental influences on Canadian art and held a sculpture show. Nathan Cohen, perhaps Canada's leading theatrical critic, was engaged to conduct lecture interviews with the visiting artists. Discourses were held on the university grounds.

A heady if not downright cerebral season was shaping up in Vancouver, but other ports as usual were calling. I left Vancouver by what I took to be a rather civilized system, heading for Victoria on a bus which was driven to the unpronounceable port of Tsawwassen, where it was loaded aboard a ferry for the trip across Active Pass. It seemed rather like a combination cruise and flight, for once we were aboard a voice over the loudspeaker introduced the two stewardesses, the captain, and the engineer. Staterooms could be engaged for the short voyage at $3 each way, a fee one would add to the flat $4.25 it costs for the combination bus and ferry. Once we had negotiated across a short stretch of water, where cruising passengers sometimes see schools of killer whales, the ferry threaded its way through a maze of islands, skimming the shoreline so closely one could almost reach out and grab a clutch of pine needles. I followed the scene from the glass-enclosed restaurant on the top deck, meanwhile tracing the route on the chart which was imprinted on the place mats. We landed at Swartz Bay not long after sunset, and the big bus trundled off, taking its turn among the cars from as far afield as Virginia and as near as Washington, a piece of which was on view across the water when we sailed. Three and a half hours after leaving Vancouver, the bus hissed and puffed into the depot at Victoria. There being no porters, I hefted my bags for the climb uphill through the flower beds to the old Empress Hotel, an ivy-covered barracks for tourists which overlooks the harbor. Victoria has a reputation for being more English than Trafalgar Square, and I went to sleep with dreams of kippers and bloaters on the morrow. —HORACE SUTTON.

The Longing

By Theodore Roethke

I

ON things asleep, no balm:
A kingdom of stinks and sighs,
Fetor of cockroaches, dead fish, petroleum,
Worse than castoreum of mink or weasels,
Saliva dripping from warm microphones,
Agony of crucifixion on barstools.
Less and less the illuminated lips,
Hands active, eyes cherished;
Happiness left to dogs and children—
(Matters only a saint mentions;)
Lust fatigues the soul.
How to transcend this sensual emptiness?
(Dreams drain the spirit if we dream too long.)
In a bleak time, when a week of rain is a year,
The slag-heaps fume at the edge of the raw cities;
The gulls wheel over their singular garbage;
The great trees no longer shimmer;
Not even the soot dances.
And the spirit fails to move forward,
But shrinks into a half-life, less than itself,
Falls back, a slug, a loose worm
Ready for any crevice,
An eyeless starer.

II

A wretch needs his wretchedness. Yes.
O pride, thou art a plume upon whose head?
How comprehensive that felicity:—
A body with the motion of a soul.
What dream's enough to breathe in? A dark dream.
The rose exceeds, the rose exceeds us all.
Who'd think the moon could pare itself so thin?
A great flame rises from the sunless sea;
The light cries out, and I am there to hear—
I'd be beyond: I'd be beyond the moon,
Bare as a bud, and naked as a worm.
To this extent I'm a stalk,
—How free; how all alone.
Out of these nothings
—All beginnings come.

III

I would with the fish, the blackening salmon,
and the mad lemmings,
The children dancing, and the flowers drinking their light.
Who sighs from far away?
I would unlearn the lingo of exasperation, all the distortions
of malice and hatred;
I would believe my pain: and the eye quiet on the growing rose;
I would delight in my hands, the branch singing,
altering the excessive bird;
I long for the imperishable quiet at the heart of form;
I would be a stream, winding between great striated rocks
in late summer;
A leaf, I would love the leaves, delighting in the redolent
disorder of this mortal life,
This ambush, this silence,
Where shadow can change into flame,
And the dark be forgotten.
I have left the body of the whale, but the mouth of the night
is still wide;
On the Bullhead, in the Dakotas, where the eagles eat well,
In the country of few lakes, in the tall buffalo grass
at the base of the clay buttes,
In the summer heat, I can smell the dead buffalo,
The stench of their damp fur drying in the sun,
The buffalo chips drying.
Old men should be explorers?
I'll be an Indian.
Ogallala?
Iroquoi.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Stadium SOS (Sutherland or Stravinsky)

NEW YORK's Lewisohn Stadium, which has long since ceased to have much to do with music, still has some validity in the realm of what are called "attractions." For along with eye-searing surroundings, ear-pulsing amplification, and an urban prospect that cries out for a Lincoln Steffens, it has what management avidly reckons above all other disabilities—capacity.

That is to say, when there are musical birds on the wing whose flight can lure more thousands of the curious than could be accommodated in Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan Opera combined, the Stadium has the sitting, standing, or squatting space from which they may be regarded, if not really experienced. On some past occasions it has been Harry Belafonte or Van Cliburn. This summer the Stadium has sent out an SOS whose message, when plainly read, means "Stravinsky or Sutherland."

The place of honor goes to the still agile Igor, not because he is a greater attraction than Miss Sutherland—on the Stadium's "attendance meter," he would only rate about half as consequential, 10,000 to 20,000—but because he unquestionably remains a trickle from the old fountainhead, an enduring representative of that which music cannot do without: the great composer. The summer-long celebration of his eightieth birthday has some aspects of merriment as well as pure commercialism, but even Halley's comet (which is not due again until 1986) is no rarer an apparition these days than a composer of his quality. He merited even more than the glad show of hands he received.

Antithesis demands that Sutherland's turnout be described as greater than she merited, but such is not the case. In allocation of favor for composers vs. coloraturas, the gods have decreed that the more perishable item enjoy the greater temporal favor. To be sure, neither Miss Sutherland's art nor her person seems particularly perishable at this point, but in the long reach of time she will be debated as perhaps a Pasta, or Grisi, or (shame!) Melba, whereas Stravinsky's place in the line of music's great revolutionaries is beyond debate or doubt.

Perhaps on some future gala occasion, the Stadium can contrive to present them together—in which case the true limit of its capacity can finally be established—but, for the while, Miss Sutherland must be reported upon in terms of such solo matter as "Ah! fors' è lui" from Verdi's "Traviata" and the "Mad Scene" from Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor."

Miss Sutherland's having already demonstrated her ability to go mad in time and in tune, the fresh experience of this occasion was the opportunity to evaluate her in the role of a Parisian courtesan of the 1840s horned on the dilemma of a pure poor lover as against an illicit rich one.

There was, of course, no Armand (or as Verdi's librettist called him, Alfredo) in view, which is perhaps just as well. For Miss Sutherland's dimensions, augmented by the greenery in which she was clad (accent was provided by her vivid red hair), would have reduced most tenors to pygmy size. And, for the matter of that, so would the amount of voice she produced.

Miss Sutherland's treatment of the problem of audibility was to take a firm stance at a respectful distance from the microphone and let go with everything she has. This, to be sure, is considerable, and she guided it through the involutions of "E strano" and "Sempre libera" with the sure hand of a harbor pilot getting the Queen Elizabeth out to sea. It was unquestionably a sterling exhibition of vocal navigation; what it had to do with Violetta must await a verdict in the only proper court of appeal for Verdi—the opera house.

Lest it be supposed that Miss Sutherland also directed the orchestra, there was a conductor, and a thoroughly qualified one. In place of the late Sir Eugene Goossens, whose death only weeks ago deprived him of his first Stadium opportunity since the late 1940s, the program was directed by Joseph Rosenstock, a newcomer to these surroundings. He made himself welcome with a hearty performance of the Dvorak No. 4, which gave him occasion to display, in addition to heart, other qualities without which a Stadium conductor is at the mercy of the orchestra—a sharp ear for incipient debacle and a commanding anticipation of the musical crossroads before they were reached. If somebody can restore music to the Stadium, Rosenstock might be that somebody.

SANTA FE.

MEANWHILE, only a few hours—as the jet flies—from wherever you are, another kind of Violetta-Verdi was available some 7,000 feet above New York's C-level. Here, overlooking the old town of Santa Fe, New Mexico, is everything lacking to outdoor music of the urban kind: nature's own acoustics, a stage open to the sky, and a backdrop of mountains and valleys that would make the best man-made props look like toys. And certainly no other opera "house" anywhere ever possessed a chandelier to compare with Santa Fe's, where one eye is magnetized to the Big Dipper, another to the Milky Way, while both simultaneously seek to focus on a meteorite which is making astral fireworks.

But—in this imperfect world of man, there is always a but. In this Saturday evening "Traviata" by the enterprising Santa Fe Opera, the lowered lights that put the curtainless stage in darkness raised an anticipation not seriously deflated by a well-phrased playing of the prelude by the invisible orchestra directed by Robert Baustian. However, as the lights came up and the well-groomed Parisians *chez* Valery came into view, it developed that the air was crisper and cleaner than the arias. A prosy English translation did not add sparkle to Verdi's champagne.

Nevertheless, Santa Fe is a beautiful place to be in for whatever purpose, and the imminent participation of the season's lion in three programs of his stage works may make it so for music as well. If this is not the grand climax to Igor Stravinsky's birthday year, it should be. By contrast with Salzburg, where it may never rain but it always pours (in the middle of the day), Santa Fe has a heavenly freedom from such unwanted intrusions. And, though it may not have a Mozarthaus, it has an amphitheatre seating 825, which could be doubled, tripled, or quadrupled, as demand warrants. Rome wasn't built in a day, but considering its natural advantages, opera in Santa Fe may be built by its nights.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Powerful POW in Singapore

By GRANVILLE HICKS

I AM faced with the task this week of reviewing what seems to me a pretty bad novel: **"King Rat,"** by James Clavell (Little, Brown, $5.75). Badness in fiction is, of course, of many kinds. There is the novel that is only relatively bad, bad because it ought to be better —Katherine Anne Porter's "Ship of Fools," for example, or Philip Roth's "Letting Go." There is the novel that is quite intentionally bad—cheap, that is, in any of the many ways that are commercially profitable. Then there are the only half literate novels that somehow find their way into print. And, finally, we have the novel, of which "King Rat" is a fair example, that is quite unmistakably bad and yet might, one feels, conceivably have been good. Many novels are of this sort, and that is why an analysis of "King Rat" may be justified.

Of James Clavell I know only what the jacket tells me: he is an Englishman, served as a captain in the Royal Artillery during World War II, spent three years as a prisoner of war in various Japanese camps, and is now, as the blurb puts it, a writer-director-producer in Hollywood. For the purposes of our analysis, the important item is his prison-camp experience, for this is a novel about the inhabitants of a Japanese camp called Changi, near Singapore.

No one can make rules about what is or is not a good subject for a novel. Many a man has said to me, "If I could only write, what a story I have to tell!" I have believed them all, for I have never known of a life that couldn't, if one saw deeply enough, be made the theme of a novel. But some subjects do seem to lend themselves more readily to fiction than others, and I would say offhand that a prison camp, with its appalling tensions, ought to offer large opportunities.

But whatever an author's material, the question is what he is able to make of it, and this is closely related to another question: what attitude does he take towards it? By the end of this book, at any rate, Clavell's attitude can be defined: survival requires a kind of adaptation that controverts most accepted moral codes. "Is it wrong to adapt? Wrong to survive?" one of the characters, an upper-class Englishman, asks at the end. And he goes on to pose the age-old riddle: "What is good and what is evil?"

Clavell's approach to his material, then, is serious, at least in intention; but, as everyone knows, a novel is concerned only incidentally with ideas, and primarily with people. The moral dilemma that concerns Clavell is embodied in the lives of many characters, three of whom are of basic importance. Central is "the King," an American corporal who in a community of hunger, filth, and poverty manages, through various ingenious and audacious kinds of skulduggery, to have plenty of food, clean clothing, and money. The King has one great enemy, Lieutenant Grey, provost marshal, who is determined to get him. And he has, in addition to countless underlings and hangers-on, one real friend, Flight Lieutenant Peter Marlowe.

WHAT one feels before one has gone far is that none of these characters is wholly credible, that each of them is more a type than an individual. The King, once a poor boy, is simply a rugged individualist, determined to look after himself whatever happens, and now placed in an environment that puts a premium on his ruthless cunning, Grey, who casts himself in the role of defender of morality, is in fact driven by jealousy of the King's power, by resentment of his own lower-class background in England, and by dissatisfactions growing out of an unhappy marriage. Marlowe is a brave and honorable man and a simple-minded snob. (" 'Well, I couldn't go into business. Marlowes aren't tradesmen,' Peter Marlowe said, as though talking to a child. 'It's just not done, old boy.' ")

In manipulating these characters—not quite puppets and not quite human beings—Clavell is a good deal less than sure of himself, and his uncertainty is revealed in his handling of the point of view. He reserves the right to tell us at any time what any character is thinking and feeling. For the author to claim omniscience is, as E. M. Forster long ago pointed out, one of the legitimate ways of telling a story; but the novelist who uses this method must not be arbitrary, he must play fair, and he must be able to convince us that he knows all he claims to know. Clavell, however, gives us information that we don't need, withholds information that we have a right to, and some of the time seems to be as much in the dark as the reader about the motives of the characters. If the story had been told from the point of view of Peter Marlowe, it might have had a firm direction and reached a strong climax. As matters stand, the novel is diffuse and the conclusion weak.

Sometimes the style of a novel gives it away at the outset, and I think that is true of "King Rat." It begins:

> Changi was set like a pearl on the eastern tip of Singapore Island, iridescent under a bowl of tropical skies. It stood on a slight rise and around was a belt of green, and farther off the green gave way to the blue-green seas and the seas to infinity of horizon.

Actually this rather fancy kind of writing isn't typical of the book as a whole, which is written in an ordinary, catch-as-catch-can prose; but the pretentiousness of the opening is nevertheless significant.

One can analyze a bad novel in many ways—its style, structure, character, and all the other categories discussed in courses in novel writing—but in fact one responds to a novel as a whole, and if the badness is there, one simply feels it. To put my complaint briefly, Clavell's talents aren't worthy of his subject. In the background is physical suffering of the grimmest sort; in the foreground is a chronicle of horrible moral deterioration.

Clearly such themes as these demand a treatment that is consistently serious if not truly tragic. There can be comic episodes (as there are) and there can be episodes that are full of a Hollywood kind of excitement; but the reader should never be allowed to forget the terrible meaning of the experiences about which he is reading. The King himself, of course, is incapable of grasping this meaning, but Clavell shouldn't be. He does grasp it in some degree some of the time, but at other times it gets away from him. Often he takes what seems to me a most unpleasant satisfaction in the King's chicanery and callousness, and this is indicative of his fundamental confusion. But confusion—moral and literary, and of course they aren't wholly unrelated —is what one feels from start to finish.

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Western Unity—a French Accent?

"Western Unity and the Common Market," by Walter Lippmann *(Atlantic-Little, Brown. 51 pp. $2.75), while admiring Charles de Gaulle, sees him and his policies as the chief obstacle to union of the North Atlantic nations. An associate editor of USA 1, Robert K. Massie is particularly interested in the European economic alliance.*

By ROBERT K. MASSIE

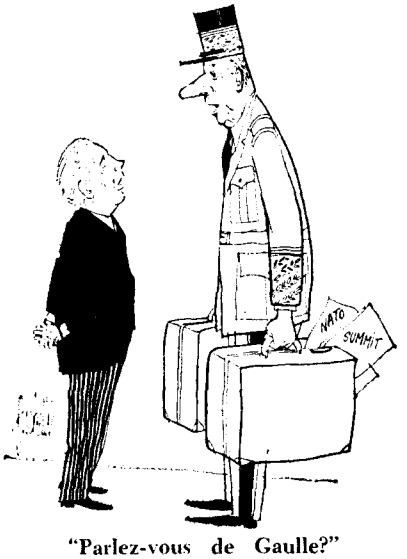
WALTER LIPPMANN's special quality as a journalist has always been that he writes about news as if it were already history. He approaches day-to-day national policies as reflections of this or that abiding national interest: he thinks of realistic diplomacy as a carefully weighed projection of actual national power, and not as a sequence of visits and tours, dinners and dresses, press conferences and communiqués. In addition, Lippmann can write. He does so with simple clarity and easy grace, and he can distill into a single sentence more provocative thought than any other newsman in the country today. Put differently, Lippmann is the kind of writer who drives to madness people who like to underline: first this sentence seems the key, then the next, and the next.

In this short book taken from a series of articles written for his column this spring, Lippmann is writing with all his usual perception and precision about the great issue of our day: what he calls the "manifest destiny" of the Western world to unite. Lippmann is sure that union will come; first Britain will enter the Common Market and then that body will join with the United States in a vast free-trade area. But before that can happen, the forces of union must overcome a single giant antagonist, one of the greatest French statesmen in the history of France, President Charles de Gaulle. And in the coming long diplomatic struggle with de Gaulle, Lippmann counsels American statesmen never to forget the dictum: ultimate decision must stem from the seat of ultimate power. In short, Washington, not Paris, must have the power to start a nuclear war.

Lippmann begins by assuming that nobody, East or West, wants a nuclear war. In the current state of nuclear deadlock, sweeping negotiations between East and West are equally impossible. The resulting atmosphere, a mixture of partial security and partial frustration, encourages bickering within the two world camps. The Russians and the Chinese have their quarrel; de Gaulle has issued his challenge to his Atlantic and NATO allies.

An initial point of difference between de Gaulle and the Americans specifically is the Frenchman's assumption that the nuclear deadlock is a fact of life and will continue indefinitely. In this, Lippmann points out, de Gaulle is like most Europeans: he and they simply are not frightened by the Russians, and, because of this, they see less and less need for American protection. It has never been an attractive idea to Frenchmen that the fate of Paris lies in the hands of Americans in Washington. To Charles de Gaulle, with his sweeping notions of French *grandeur*, it is an intolerable idea. Accordingly, he has set about making certain that Paris will have some say not only about its own fate but even about Washington's. The device de Gaulle has used is his nuclear *force de frappe*.

Ostensibly, this striking force is defensive; it will not be large, but, in de Gaulle's words, it will be capable of "tearing an arm off an aggressor." Lippmann learned that it was intended to be capable of killing twenty million Russians; but, he asserts, this is not the force's real purpose. Its real purpose is to give Charles de Gaulle a leading voice in world diplomacy and especially inside the Atlantic alliance. De Gaulle knows that killing twenty million people would not be enough to win a war with Russia. But it would be enough to start one, and once such a war was started, the United States would inevitably have to enter. De Gaulle, in other words, and not the President of the United States, would hold the key to war or peace. For Americans, who created and must maintain the nuclear deadlock and to whom, in the face of continued Soviet nuclear testing, the deadlock is anything but a permanent fact of life, this theft of the power of ultimate decision is equally intolerable. This is the problem that diplomacy must try to solve.



"Parlez-vous de Gaulle?"
—© *Punch, London.*

From de Gaulle's nuclear ambitions and reach for *grandeur* stem many other problems inside the Western alliance. Britain's bid to enter the Common Market is opposed by France, not so much because Britain is asking for special consideration for members of the Commonwealth, which have had free access to the British market, but because Britain has its own independent nuclear weapons plus a special nuclear relationship with the United States. If Britain comes into the Common Market, enjoying this special nuclear status, it will break Charles de Gaulle's present hegemony in Europe.

Lippmann explains that de Gaulle's supremacy is based on the present working alliance between France and Germany, and, more specifically, on the personal bond between Charles de Gaulle and West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer. As Lippmann sees it, the basic bargain of the Common Market is that France stands aside while German industry sells throughout Europe while Germany bows to French political supremacy on the Continent. At the moment, de Gaulle is exercising that leadership by pushing Adenauer to help him keep Continental Europe exclusive, with "Anglo-Saxons"—*i.e.*, Britain and America—kept outside.

In this game Lippmann feels that de Gaulle is playing the French hand masterfully. He is much more dubious as to what benefit the Germans are deriving from the arrangement. As Lippmann points out, de Gaulle's intent is to drive the United States and Britain out of Europe, and that is the very last thing the Germans want. Beyond this, Lippmann even suggests that such is de Gaulle's genius that he has managed to persuade the Germans to take a position antithetical to their actual national interest. De Gaulle's hard line

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on Berlin is intended less to rebuff Khrushchev than to prevent any negotiations that might lead to a reunification of Germany. So skilfully has de Gaulle played the Germans, says Lippmann, that any departure from the present hard line has been made to "seem un-German and unpatriotic."

It is in this single area, perhaps, that Lippmann overstresses the importance of the venerable Frenchman. His ability to disrupt NATO and create obstacles for British entry into the Common Market are undeniable, but it seems too much to imply that de Gaulle is responsible for Konrad Adenauer's own hard line on Berlin. For one thing, Adenauer stood firm on Berlin for almost a decade before de Gaulle returned to office. More importantly, the Germans are unwilling to negotiate over Berlin because they too understand that under the present conditions of nuclear stalemate the Russians cannot be forced to give ground. Thus, the only possible outcome of negotiations would be continued stalemate or Western retreat. Since the stalemate can be preserved without negotiations, that is what the West Germans prefer.

Lippmann obviously admires General de Gaulle very greatly, even while declaring that the General's policies must be vigorously opposed. These policies Lippmann sees not as a "wicked plot" but as part of the game of power politics played by a master, "as it was taught by Machiavelli and played in other days by men like Richelieu and Talleyrand." Lippmann's hope is that we will play the game and protect our interests with the same skill.

Lippmann ends on an almost cheerful note. "In the past year or so," he says, "the world balance of forces has become rather more favorable to the Western Community." First of all, in a military sense "the United States is now much stronger than the Soviet Union." Russian prudence in Berlin and Southeast Asia is evidence and a consequence of that fact. Then there is the enormous economic success of the Common Market and the staggering failure of Communist agriculture. Finally, there is the looming threat of a clash between Moscow and Peking. Weighing our troubles against Khrushchev's, Lippmann is reminded of the time in World War II when the Allies, suddenly realizing that the tide had turned, began to quarrel among themselves. The tide in the cold war has not turned; but if, as this book strongly suggests, Washington is now more concerned about General de Gaulle's starting a war than about Nikita Khrushchev's starting one, this in a way is very, very good news.

PERSONAL HISTORY

Amid Temple Bells and Bison

"Fenollosa and His Circle: With Other Essays in Biography," by Van Wyck Brooks *(Dutton. 321 pp. $5), depicts some little-known, offbeat figures who inhabited the more obscure fringes of nineteenth-century American culture. Harry T. Moore was recently appointed professor of English at the University of Colorado.*

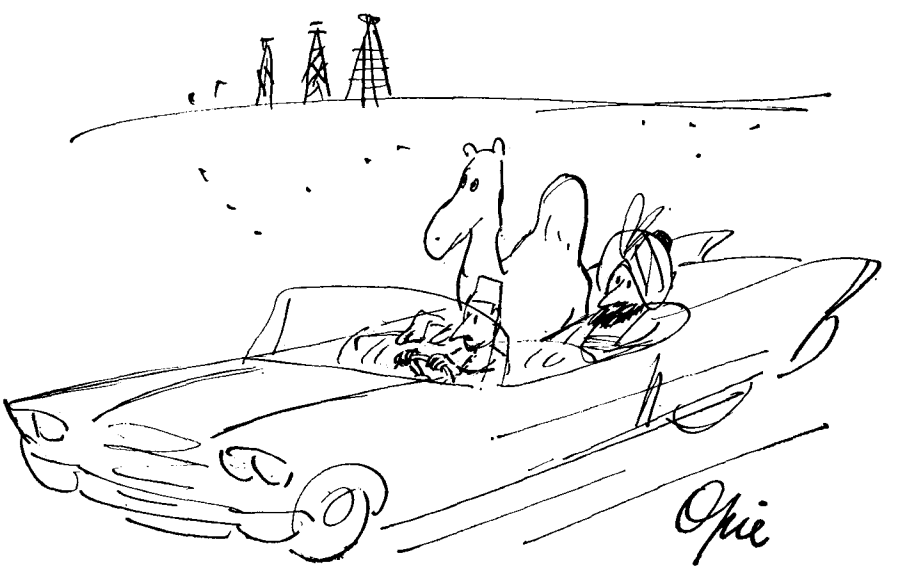
By HARRY T. MOORE

ERNEST FENOLLOSA, whose biographical sketch is the fullest among the eight in this volume, has long been an impressively mysterious figure standing somewhere beyond the hazy edge of modern literature. Van Wyck Brooks, wondering why his "extraordinary fellow-countryman" who died in 1908 remained "undiscovered" all these years, has dug into the sources and come up with some piquant stories about him. Students of the works of Yeats and Pound have known something of him because his translations of Oriental writings were an important influence on these poets. Yet neither of them knew Fenollosa; it was several years after his death that his widow gave his notes and fragments to a stranger, Ezra Pound, who she had decided was their ideal "poet-interpreter."

Fenollosa, whose father was a Spanish musician married to the daughter of a Yankee shipowner, had spent many years amid the clanging temple bells of the East, and in Japan had become Commissioner of Fine Arts. Mr. Brooks sees Fenollosa's "circle" as made up of other Americans who came to visit Japan while he was there: Henry Adams, John La Farge, Mrs. Jack Gardner, Edward S. Morse, and other strays from the cast of Mr. Brooks's "New England: Indian Summer." Sharing Fenollosa's enthusiasm for Eastern art, some of them helped make it better known over here.

While most of Mr. Brooks's subjects belong, like Fenollosa, to the nineteenth century, the painter Maurice Prendergast overlaps into our epoch, and Randolph Bourne, who died at thirty-two in 1918, is certainly of the twentieth century. The Prendergast chapter, which Mr. Brooks candidly labels as anecdotal, has a scattered effect and, despite some good stories, is altogether the least satisfactory sketch in the volume. On the other hand, the author gives Bourne, the self-styled literary radical, a rounded characterization, treating "that odd little apparition" more fully than he did thirty-five years ago in "Emerson and Others." Mr. Brooks supplements his memories of Bourne, and the generally known facts, with a considerable amount of new data.

Similarly, he has made a fresh exploration of sources for several of the other biographies in this book. One of them is a first portrait of Fanny Wright,



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the Scottish bluestocking-reformer who was the friend of Jefferson and Lafayette. In that "age of communities," Fanny Wright established a colony in the wilds of Tennessee in which slaves were liberated and integration was observed—an experiment that didn't last because Fanny Wright was unwilling to devote her whole life to it.

Her restless versatility is characteristic of the other nineteenth-century wanderers Mr. Brooks writes of, among them John Lloyd Stevens, who left New York for the rigors of travel in Russia and Arabia, and then explored Central America, where he discovered the Mayan buildings. George Catlin, first painter of the Plains Indians (he called himself their historian), hunted the "eddying and wheeling" buffaloes with them; Charles Wilkes, a scientifically inclined American naval officer, discovered Antarctica and received little recognition for it; Charles Godfrey Leland of Philadelphia lived among the Gypsies in England and on the Continent while studying their folklore.

In contrast to the method he used in his earlier volumes on Mark Twain and Henry James, Mr. Brooks in his later works rarely makes critical judgments. His narratives are almost entirely circumstantial and, in tone, predominantly impressionistic, almost never shading into evaluation. But his writing continues to have what might be called an informative charm. This book is essentially a row of side panels for the extensive gallery of Mr. Brooks's Makers and Finders series. If it concentrates on surfaces, it nevertheless presents lively pictures of some interestingly offbeat people.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 993

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remain constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 993 will be found in the next issue.

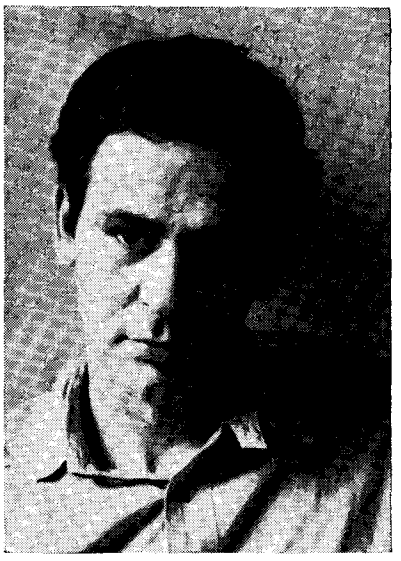
LFBE BKK CFW LFHPJ YZPLZ DGZAY DWNBY TWCP LFB DFHNPBE; FB KBZGGE BPLBKY LFKWAMF LFB FBZKL.

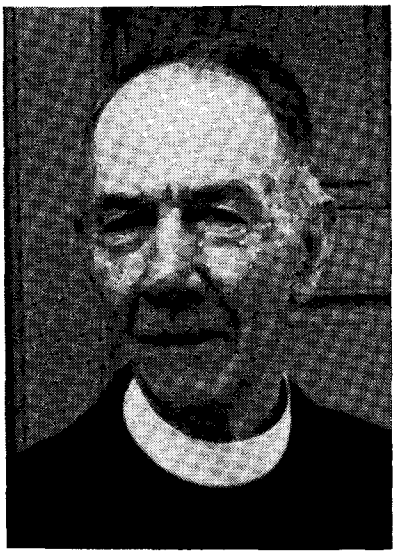
NKY. OZAG BGG.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 992

Silence is the unbearable repartee.
—CHESTERTON.

Praise of Him Was Posthumous





James Agee and Father Flye—"loyalty and integrity."

"Letters of James Agee to Father Flye" by James Agee *(Braziller. 235 pp. $5), reveals the private agonies of a writer who never fully realized his potential as an artist. David Dempsey frequently discusses contemporary authors for SR.*

By DAVID DEMPSEY

THE CAREER of the late James Agee is remarkable in one respect: in public recognition, it is almost entirely posthumous. Before he died in 1955, Agee had published a book of poems and a curious and commercially unsuccessful volume of Depression reportage, "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men." Since then the manuscript of a novel, combined with some previously published magazine fiction, became "A Death in the Family"; Agee's motion picture criticism for *Time* and *The Nation* has been brought out, and with it a companion volume of his film scenarios for Hollywood, including the well-known—and incredible—"The African Queen." Recently, "Famous Men" was reissued.

Now comes a collection of letters to a lifelong friend, Father Harold Flye, an Episcopal minister currently at St. Luke's Chapel, West Village, N. Y. Thus, seven years after his death, Agee has achieved something of the literary reputation that eluded him so persistently during his lifetime. He has also been spared the following that has grown up around his memory—happily; for if there is one thing these letters demonstrate, it is that Agee himself knew that he had never fully realized his potential.

As a journalist-critic, he had few peers. His was a striking talent for the kind of high-gloss writing demanded by the Luce publications, but with this went a nagging sense of guilt that he ought to be doing something more "creative," a conviction that led him finally to leave *Time* for the hazards and insecurity of free-lance work. He was married three times and had four children. An intellectual child of the Thirties, he made his home in Greenwich Village, sympathized with the Left, did his stint in Hollywood without being visibly corrupted, and all his life retained that spiritual link to Knoxville, Tennessee, that was to come out in his novel. His relationship with Father Flye—and it was confined almost entirely to correspondence after Agee's fifteenth year—became one of the unifying influences in his life. Not everyone is so fortunate as to have someone he can write letters to; and Agee, whose own father died when he

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was six, found in this clergyman both foster father and father-confessor.

All the loyalty and integrity that were the hallmark of Agee's character are vident in these letters. They are not "intimate" in any personal sense; they tell strangely little about his relationships with other people, and they are pitched on the rather high plane of the adult who is anxious to maintain the good opinion of someone who has known him as a child. They are at their best when they reveal Agee's states of mind, his feelings about himself. He had his periods of confusion and crisis, aggravated by a recurring melancholia, and for these Father Flye was apparently the perfect audience. (The collection, incidentally, does not include the minister's half of the correspondence, but we infer a good deal about him from Agee's references.) This remained true even when the younger of the two men gave up his commitment to the church, which is not the same thing—and Father Flye realized it—as giving up Christianity.

The letters begin with Agee's school days at Exeter, where he won four volumes of Kipling for "furthering interest in creative writing" and $30 for "composition." (In cynical hands, a good deal might be made of this $30, since it can be argued that Agee's hole career in journalism was a betrayal of his real talent.) They end, after a short lifetime of pursuing precisely these two objectives, in suffering from angina and a sense that time was running out. If there is a plot to be found here, it is in the conflict between Agee's consistent dedication to his best self and all the corrosive forces that fought this self in the context of a rather disorganized personal life. "I care mainly about just 2 things . . .," he wrote in 1936, "(1) getting as near truth and whole truth as is humanly possible, which means several sorts of 'Truth' maybe, but on the whole means spiritual life, integrity and growth; and (2) setting this (near-) truth out in the clearest and cleanest possible terms." Agee did not always succeed (as who does?), but, as his letters show, he never stopped trying. They are the legacy of someone who remained, all his life, bigger as the man he was than as the writer he wanted to be.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. awkward. 2. windjammer. 3. formless. 4. nightmare. 5. remembrance. 6. ·inthearted. 7. restless. 8. fickle. 9. ıitzkrieg. 10. cutthroat. 11. sundry. 12. transformation. 13. complaining. 14. kinsman. 15. concrete. 16. sumptuous. 17. unknown. 18. superfluous. 19. tactful. 20. judgment.

Decisions in Retrospect

"Men and Decisions," by Lewis L. Strauss *(Doubleday. 468 pp. $6.95), reviews the career of one of the key figures in the development of U.S. nuclear policy. James MacGregor Burns, professor of political science at Williams College, wrote "Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox."*

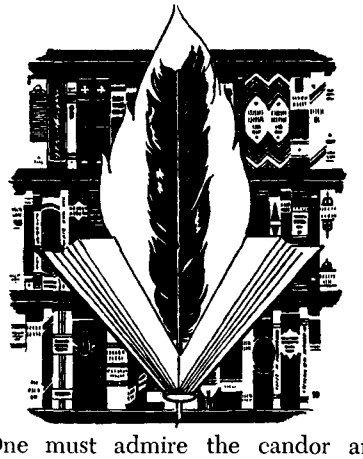
By JAMES MacGREGOR BURNS

AROUND 1912 a high school student in Richmond, Virginia, read a textbook by Millikan and Gale, which concluded: "J. J. Thompson estimates that enough energy is stored in one gram of hydrogen to raise a million tons through one hundred yards. It is not improbable that it is the transformation of this sub-atomic energy into heat which is maintaining the temperature of the sun. The most vitally interesting question which the physics of the future has to face is: Is it possible for man to gain control of this tremendous store of sub-atomic energy and to use it for his own ends?"

It was a long time before Lewis Strauss became one of those who would "control" the enormous power locked in the atom. At sixteen, when he was selling shoes in the West Virginia Alleghenies, he volunteered to help Herbert Hoover in World War I relief activities; after the war he joined the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., married the boss's daughter, rose rapidly in the world of finance, and some months before Pearl Harbor became the General Inspector of Ordnance in the Navy, where he worked on the proximity fuse and other technical developments.

Although not involved directly in the development of the A-Bomb, Strauss was close enough to developments to suggest in June, 1945, that the power of the bomb be displayed in an uninhabited area as a warning to the Japanese. Other advice prevailed. President Truman appointed him as an original member of the Atomic Energy Commission, and later President Eisenhower made him chairman. While on the AEC, Strauss advocated aggressive development of the H-Bomb. "I believe that the United States must be as completely armed as any possible enemy," he told Truman. "From this, it follows that I believe it unwise to renounce, unilaterally, any weapon which an enemy can reasonably be expected to possess." But Strauss also played a notable part in the development of peaceful use of the atom.

All these decisions and many others Strauss defends with both modesty and vigor in this autobiography. Describing the case of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, he explains why he thought that Oppenheimer's employment by the AEC was not "clearly consistent with the interests of the national security." He still believes this. But he does not feel that Oppenheimer was unsuited to continue his academic position as director of the Institute for Advanced Study; indeed, Strauss nominated him for re-election.



One must admire the candor and force with which Mr. Strauss presents his "decisions." One must also, however, wonder whether he can accept decisions as philosophically as he can hand them out. In 1959 the Senate rendered its decision on Mr. Strauss, rejecting his nomination by President Eisenhower for Secretary of Commerce. It was not a very defensible action, but Mr. Strauss's extensive comment shows how deeply he was hurt. It would have been far better, perhaps, for a man of decision to dismiss the episode briefly as part of the strenuous game of politics in which he had been engaged for so long.

This memoir is repetitious, poorly edited, and confusingly organized. But illuminating all its pages are the hindsights of a man who, though perhaps often wrong-headed, was also high-minded in his devotion to what he considered to be his country's interests.

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FICTION

Politics and Things New-Born

"Now Bless Thyself," by Elizabeth Sewell *(Doubleday. 234 pp. $3.95), inspects the American campus and its many contradictions. Irma Brandeis who is professor of English at Bard College is the author of "The Ladder of Vision."*

By IRMA BRANDEIS

WHATEVER may seem the case, the flood of American campus novels has not yet subsided. For the visiting professors from other continents have only just begun to consider making fiction of teaching; and, having seen what they have seen, how can they refrain? In her new novel, "Now Bless Thyself," Elizabeth Sewell, well known here as poet, critic, and teacher, turns English eyes on a pair of American universities in the West.

Her narrator crosses the ocean to grace the post of poet-in-residence at Auber University, where, her own life momentarily blighted, she fixes her attention and concern on a small group of Auber students, two others from the adjacent University of the Holy Ghost, a few of their teachers, and one administrator. Such plot as the book has concerns the impact on these persons of a local clash between liberalism and reactionary conservatism. Spokesman for the liberal position is Professor Rinaldo, a hybrid European and ex-Communist, now an American citizen. Reaction in its suave form is represented by J. P. Kierney, trustee of the Holy Ghost University; in its crass and violent form it enters Auber as a convention of the Patriots of America. Kierney works to remove Rinaldo from his teaching at Auber; the Patriots try to beat him up. Kierney's further machinations halt his own son's attempt to venture into genuine freedom of thought and action, and, somewhat circuitously, lead to the death of the boy's best friend.

An excellent novel might have come of such ingredients. But Miss Sewell's genius is not truly for fiction. Her characters seem more sketched than realized; the action of her book is piecemeal; its large ideas are too flimsily housed. And, oddly, she under-writes what she must know best of all—the meeting of minds between the poet-narrator and her students.

When one puts the book down one recalls, not its life, but its themes. The struggle against political and moral reaction is one. Miss Sewell's epigraph from "The Winter's Tale" ("Now bless thyself: thou met'st with things dying, I with things new-born") points to others—the many American things new-born that she prizes: the youthful Western landscape, the fledgling earnestness of students, the intellectual ardor of sons of tradesmen and laborers. The author delights in the American capacity for easy expression of feeling. And she appears to dote on the social informality of the American campus; one might even say she loses her head to it, judging by the amount of book-time her visiting teacher spends in preparing drinks for her students, dining with them, driving with them, hearing out their personal problems, holding them in her arms when they must weep.

Writing with the dart and flight of a bird, in an unpredictable prose—now graced with literary allusions, now glib with Americanisms, — grazing numerous characters, glancing at Auber's houses, streets, teen-agers, and television priests, Miss Sewell conveys a poignant truth about the American scene: the co-presence of its persistent idealism with the country's obsessive materialism and quest for power.

Dust Storms and Foreclosures

"The Bones of Plenty," by Lois Phillips Hudson *(Atlantic-Little, Brown. 439 pp. $5.95), evokes the punishing life of tenant farming during the Depression. Gordon Webber, the author of three novels, lived in North Dakota, the locale of the story, during the early Thirties. His latest book is "What End But Love."*

By GORDON WEBBER

THIS deeply-felt first novel, which is written very close to the prairie childhood of its author, centers around the Custer family: irascible, ill-fated George Armstrong Custer, named after the "Boy General" who met his fate on the Little Big Horn; his long-suffering, college-educated wife, Rachel, and their two children, eight-year-old Lucy and the baby, Cathy. Rachel Custer's pioneer parents, Will and Rose Shepard, live on a 500-acre farm next door.

Mrs. Hudson has taken pains to tell us exactly how it was to be a tenant farm family in North Dakota during the early months of the New Deal, when the grave consequences of the Wall Street crash finally reached the wheatlands west of the Mississippi. Her story spans slightly more than a year—from February 1933, when the local bank closes and the banker leaves town, to May 1934, when the impoverished Custer family packs its pitiful belongings into a trailer and heads for California.

Those were desperate times, and Mrs. Hudson has given her story a hard-bitten, regional veracity. It is all here: the plummeting price of wheat, the dust storms that blackened the noonday sun, and the hungry, haunted men who waited for a day's employment on the streets of the little towns. The New Deal was doing what it could to bolster the tottering economy, but farmers such as George Custer still railed against the "fat head government" and continued to nurse their traditional distrust of the "Eastern bankers."

Custer's bitter struggle and his

Lois Hudson—"a hard-bitten veracity."

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constant carping against the cruel parsimony of both Nature and Man are real enough; surely this is the way life was. But his unrelieved rancor finally grows wearisome, as does some of the explicit recounting of ordinary incidents. One wishes that Mrs. Hudson had been more selective, and that she had built more drama and tension into the incidents depicted.

It is the child Lucy who clings to the memory: her talks with her grandfather, her discoveries of the prairie spring, the fantasies she creates out of her own lonely need. With all its careful documentation of the Great Depression in the Dakotas—and here Mrs. Hudson succeeds very well—it is a child's-eye view of this harsh, irrational world that gives her novel its greatest distinction and style.

DREAM MAN AND NIGHTMARE: It is likely that most women at one time or another have been demonized by the hero of Una Troy's latest novel, "Esmond" (Dutton, $3.95). He is that composite dream man who leers over the disillusioned housewife's shoulder, cooing the things that good old dependable George no longer coos. In Miss Troy's book, the suave apparition seduces the thirty-eight-old heroine, Mary Murphy, into a dream world that eventually becomes a nightmare.

The Murphy household has droned along for years in the Irish village of Carrigeen. Patrick is about as inattentive a husband as ever stared blankly across the breakfast jam jar. The conflict begins when "Esmond" moves in

and prods Mary into writing escapist magazine romances. The search for material takes her to London and Wales, and the acquisition of two more husbands: a proper-seeming English type who putters about the row house and pats her affectionately; and a mellifluous poet of the Dylan Thomas mold, a mussed Bohemian who lives out of a sleeping bag but wears his huge, hungry heart on the sleeve of his sweatshirt.

Mary's adventures as a migratory mate to three men provide some comic moments, but the effect is far from "laughing comedy." This is a pleasant but lightweight book. Take it out to the hammock, "Mary Murphy," after George has gone to the office and you're ready for your hour of vicarious fun. Don't be afraid. Una Troy is a "nice" novelist and doesn't allow things to become too vicarious. She puts us through three marriages without once mentioning that exasperating bed business. —WALT MCCASLIN.

VIEWS

Eternity in Belles-Lettres

"The Barbarian Within," by Walter J. Ong, S.J. *(Macmillan. 285 pp. $5), views the New Criticism and modern concepts of metaphor, symbolism, and mythology from the standpoint of a roving Latinist. Gerald Sykes wrote "Children of Light" and "The Hidden Remnant."*

By GERALD SYKES

IT IS always refreshing to encounter a "natural," and Father Ong is just that, born to be a priest and born to be a teacher. His scholarly, unpolemical detachment, resting quietly on the unspoken confidence that his church is an anvil on which many hammers have been broken, will make intelligent readers of all faiths and philosophies rejoice that American Catholicism has produced such an able student of the relations between religion and literature. He seems to require a minimum of effort to view the most modern phenomena, such as beatniks or telecasts, under the aspect of eternity; and he takes the discoveries of science, from evolution to relativity, in his stride. He is not provincial. Readers familiar with his "Frontiers in American Catholicism" (1957) will already know this.

In that earlier work Father Ong was concerned with the intricate relationships between American Catholics and the "predominantly anti-Catholic, although, in the large, curiously benign, Protestant culture" in which they have made their home. In the present collection of "fugitive essays" he deals chiefly with the problems of literature. He teaches English at St. Louis University, and approaches the New Criticism and modern concepts of metaphor, symbolism, and mythology from the standpoint of a roving Latinist who seems equally conversant with the poetry of St. Thomas Aquinas and the theories of Cleanth Brooks.

Since his urbane scholarship ranges far, the character of his book will perhaps be indicated by a key passage:

> Theology will never *solve* the mysteries of faith at all. In the last analysis the only satisfaction that the natural mind gets from theology is to be able to say, "At least *this* isn't a mystery. This is clear. The mystery lies from here to here." But the distance from here to here remains always infinity. . . . For in the case of theology, even abstraction is an inadequate means of managing its material. Abstraction is weak here not only by virtue of its inevitable departure from real individual beings, but also because . . . it does not eliminate the blind spot at the very center of the puzzle. . . . And at this point, the parallel with poetry becomes clear. There are great differences, but there is also a parallel. For both poetry and theology, metaphor is a last, and not quite satisfactory, resort.

Because we Americans are now often more familiar with exotic traditions than we are with our once well-known Christian heritage, this kind of Jesuit teaching might be described as not far from the insoluble Zen *koan*, intended to force the student into a direct personal encounter with reality. Only a rare student, able to penetrate to "the blind spot at the very center of the puzzle," will understand what is being said and how the dilemma can be resolved. There is reason to believe that it was this kind of Jesuit teaching that stimulated James Joyce's Stephen Dedalus, by reaction against it, into his kind of scholastic poetry, in which the beauty of his metaphors was meant to compensate him for his loss of faith. What effect such teaching will have up-

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on American letters remains to be seen.

My guess is that Father Ong will prove more helpful to teachers than to poets. To read him is to get the impression that faith is not something that must be struggled for incessantly against heavy odds—which most good poets certainly seem to believe with anguish—but, on the contrary, lies always conveniently to hand. In this he differs strikingly from Gabriel Marcel, another Catholic thinker whom he quotes with admiration. Marcel gives the impression that *his* faith may disappear completely any day, unless he fights hard to retain it. But Marcel is a hard-hitting polemicist who accuses the popular Albert Camus, for example, of a "subtly destructive refusal of salvation" that because of his extraordinary talent is doing a great deal of harm to young and over-impressionable minds.

By comparison Father Ong, like the legendary Ike, "ain't mad at nobody." Has a well-known American blandness, which Emerson traced to too much lymph in our blood, overtaken Father Ong? Or is he temperamentally an enemy of debate? Or must any sensitive American find polemic essentially barren in a new land which, unlike older continents, must first seek agreements among men of good will?

Whatever the answers, I must end by reaffirming my gratitude for Father Ong. "The Barbarian Within" is a graceful bid for the Catholics' full admission into the American cultural scene. The "naturalization papers," of course, are richly deserved and have in fact already been granted.

Foolishness and Futility Today

"The Uses of Ineptitude; or, How Not to Want to Do Better," by Nicholas Samstag *(Obolensky. 147 pp. $3.50), is a manual-in-reverse, a literary antidote for the self-improvement books. Our reviewer, Sydney J. Harris, writes a syndicated column for the Chicago Daily News.*

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

AS THE semanticists never tire of telling us, the idea of a book is not the book. Nicholas Samstag had an interesting and valid idea for a book, but he has not written it. At best, he has given us a discursive essay loosely expanded to a volume.

It is perfectly true that the driving ambition for self-improvement has become an American mania; that on all hands we are exhorted to make the most —perhaps too much—of ourselves, intellectually, socially, financially, physically. And it is equally true that often we are indiscriminate in our choices of goals—like Leacock's famous horseman, riding off in all directions at once.

Mr. Samstag is a tart and sensitive observer of this inchoate scene. He sees its futility, its foolishness, and its dangers—the chief danger being that "self-fulfillment" can never be achieved by the mastery of external arts, that the economy of the psyche can never be balanced by a reckless expenditure of energies, only depleted.

Yet, when all this is said (and it has been said much more concisely by Spinoza, by Thoreau, and many others), "The Uses of Ineptitude" falls far short of the idea of the book. For one thing, by devoting several chapters to sex and to sports, Mr. Samstag devalues his discussion to the level of a Madison Avenue cocktail hour debate. Surely, the desires to attain proficiency in sex and sports are only minor symptoms of a deeper spiritual malaise.

For lack of a firm philosophical framework of his own—beyond a marked preference for "leisure" and a kind of well-tempered indolence – the author's argument eventually degenerates into an uninformed attack on the clergy and the psychoanalysts. In the weakest section of the book (and one that reveals the shallowness of his thinking), Mr. Samstag mistakes the popular forms of "soul-saving" and mental health practice for the real roles that theology and psychiatry can play in our lives. His apparent innocence about the influence of such men as Tillich is equaled only by his apparent ignorance of the goals of Freudian psychotherapy.

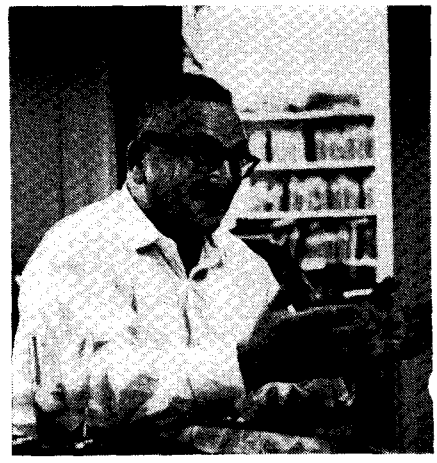
This is unfortunate, for Mr. Samstag's general attitude toward our social order is sensible and nicely ironic; and his personal values seem decent and civilized. But he is basically an "against-er," and when he feels prompted to make positive suggestions for the attainment of a genuine leisure, he is able to give us merely some fatuous advice on how to "cool off" a love affair, or how to become disenchanted with some of the more unattractive habits of business life.

All this tends to cheapen his essential thesis, and to make the book little more than an *Esquire*-type piece of middle-brow journalism. To want to be a better person is the only true goal in life; but first we must rigorously define "better" as well as "person." Since Mr. Samstag carefully skirts any such metaphysical discussion, it is easy enough for him to attack current American concepts without getting us one inch nearer to an existential dialogue of what it means to be a human being.

CHOP SUEY TO POLITICS: In **"You're Entitle'"** (World, $4), the latest collection of articles from *The Carolina Israelite* and his syndicated newspaper column, Harry Golden writes with notable zest about a range of traditionally popular or currently newsworthy subjects. Characteristically, he concerns himself with such matters as integration, the origin of jokes, prostitutes of the Western world, politicians, the Eichmann trial, kosher Chinese food, nymphomaniacs, and a Jewish girl who became a nun. His observations on these subjects are less profound than good-natured, although at times he is capable of transforming the merely commonplace into something touchingly true and plain.

But this book does not enhance, or even fully support, his reputation for wisdom and wit. Golden likes people who "see the point," as he puts it, and he relies almost exclusively on a mildly reflective tone and shrewdly chosen anecdotes to make the point. Certainly he does not offer much in the way of argument or analysis, and this is perhaps why the short essay of 100 or 200 words is his characteristic form. His attempts at sustained reasoning often produce such conclusions as this: "While Germany gave Europe its royalty, the House of Hanover could not guarantee *Der Vaterland* a share of the world-wide trade. No common market was established and World Wars I and II were the dreadful result of Germanic frustration."

Moreover, his wit here is merely an-



Harry Golden—"writes with notable zest about a range of subjects."

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ecdotal. There is nothing in this volume to compare with the irony of Golden's celebrated "vertical integration plan." And the only really amusing story on that subject is the one he tells about three thermometers in a Gainesville, Florida, hospital: white-oral, colored-oral, and rectal. "Gradual integration," comments Golden.

Like many raconteurs he can't seem to tell the good ones from the bad. Despite occasional, limited excellence, too much of the book is distressingly folksy and cute. Senseless advice on foreign policy and ludicrous summaries of history are juxtaposed with touching vignettes and astute observation of manners. The style is similarly uneven. Golden's best sentences stand out as artistically complete statements: "I feel a sense of dismay that this man Eichmann had, in common with the rest of us, birthdays, schooldays, celebrations upon the birth of a child, fear, sorrow, wonder, and joy." His worst sentences, on the other hand, dissolve under scrutiny. The readers of this book will be disappointed by its lapses of style as well as substance—for the author has often shown his strength in both.

—MANFRED WOLF.

AN INTELLECTUAL LAPSE? In a statement that gained wide currency, Ralph Waldo Emerson observed that "from 790 to 1820 there was not a book, a speech, a conversation, or a thought" in Massachusetts. According to Lewis P. Simpson, editor of **"The Federalist Literary Mind"** (Louisiana, $6), this hyperbole was largely responsible for the cultivation of what he calls "the myth of New England's intellectual lapse." In presenting a collection of essays that first appeared in *The Monthly Anthology and Boston Review* and of papers read before the Boston Athenaeum, Mr. Simpson seeks to show that, far from being culturally barren, New England actually experienced a renaissance in the first decade of the nineteenth century. The selections deal with history, philosophy, religion, arts, and manners. On the whole they reveal the ambivalent view of Federalist authors towards American culture. They both acclaim the progress of American letters and deplore its barbarization. While this period has been generally overlooked by literary historians, its representatives cannot be transformed into intellectual giants even by a partisan scholar. —SIDNEY WARREN.

Coming August 18th:

Future Leaders of Africa

USSR

Bent of the Red Monolith

—*N.C.*

"a nation . . . whose citizens want not only more common goods and housing but also greater freedom of expression."

"A New Russia?," by Harrison E. Salisbury *(Harper. 137 pp. $3.50), and* ***"The Kremlin Since Stalin," by Wolfgang Leonhard,*** *translated by Elizabeth Wiskemann and Marian Jackson (Praeger. 379 pp. $7.75), update the Soviet scene as it has evolved under the aegis of Nikita Khrushchev. Henry C. Wolfe, whose books include "The Imperial Soviets," has lived in Russia.*

By HENRY C. WOLFE

THE SOVIET UNION is not an unchanging monolith. It is subject to the ferment of change. Some changes are fundamental, yet so subtle that they may not be understood even by the hierarchs in Moscow. Assumptions of ours that were valid during the Stalin period—indeed, as recently as last year—may be out of date today. Western Kremlinologists, accordingly, must search constantly for every scrap of information that helps illuminate the picture of a nation and a society in flux.

Two new books provide up-to-date information on the changing Soviet scene. One is a series of observations made on a recent visit by Harrison E. Salisbury, an American who has spent several years in Russia as New York *Times* correspondent. The other is a history of post-Stalin political and intellectual trends written by Wolfgang Leonhard, a German educated in Russia. Returned to Germany in 1945 by the Communists, Mr. Leonhard broke with them four years later and sought refuge in the West. Although different in approach, the two books complement each other. Both help make the Soviet Union, its new stirrings, opposing concepts, and shifting policies more understandable.

Mr. Salisbury's work is a piece of brilliant journalism, anecdotal and highly personalized. It includes a fascinating report on his return visit to Mongolia, that strategically important borderland between the Slavic and Chinese Communist empires. The author has not, however, tried to predict what is going to happen in the vast territory between the Elbe and the South China Sea, but rather to examine significant developments and trends. His report is mildly optimistic.

Like all thoughtful observers, Mr. Salisbury realizes that evolutionary trends in the Soviet Union matter little if the world is to be destroyed in atomic warfare. He warns his readers that, while there may be "long-term

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changes in the structure of society"—changes that work for peace—they would help only "if we could avoid nuclear disaster." He points out that "if Premier Khrushchev and his associates had set their course firmly toward collision [with the West], the first signs of such a decision would appear inside and not outside the country." Mr. Salisbury did not find such signs, and he is an experienced student of Soviet affairs.

What he did find was a nation beset by shortages and hardships, whose citizens want not only more consumer goods and housing but also greater freedom of expression. He found a striking improvement in the social climate since Stalin died. Contacts with Russians were warmer, opinions were more openly exchanged. Many young Russians of the "Lost Generation" complained that life was "so boring." This was "their central concern—not international politics, not the world revolution, certainly not Communist doctrine, or even questions of war and peace." To their elders, naturally, some of their views are rank heresy. But these new "Men of the Sixties" frankly told Mr. Salisbury that "they felt themselves part of Russia and they felt Russia was part of the West and, in turn, of the world." Such liberal views, to be sure, are anathema to the masters of the Kremlin.

But the other—and darker—side of the coin of change is neo-Stalinism. "One did not need to know Russia well to perceive that a dangerous coalition of forces existed, one which might well turn the clock back again to some point close to where it stood at the hour of Stalin's death." The author "needed no guide to tell me that the outcome" of this struggle between the neo-Stalinists and the "liberal" groups "would profoundly affect Moscow's relations with the West. . . ."

One of the uglier aspects of the contemporary Soviet scene is the emergence of open anti-Semitism. Synagogues were closed. Israeli representatives were "considered spies and agents of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency." Soviet propaganda pictured the Jew as "a criminal, a grafter, a drunkard, a superstitious religionist and, not infrequently, a traitor." Most diplomats in Moscow, Mr. Salisbury says, blame Khrushchev himself for the "regime's insensitivity" to the mounting anti-Semitism.

Despite the Communists' long war against religion, however, it "stubbornly refused to die out." That is true of both the Jewish and Christian faiths. Even some of the outstanding Soviet-educated scientists "were now suggesting that there must exist in the universe a force or power superior to any concept born of man's mind." The author feels that the new generation of Orthodox church leaders is "much closer to being in tune with the emerging spirit of Russia than the Agit-Prop brigades and their allies in the local bureaucracy."

The reader may well find the chapter on Mongolia the most surprising and provocative part of the volume. In this picturesque, newly awakened land, Moscow and Peking are in open competition. When Mr. Salisbury visited there in 1959, the Chinese seemed to have taken over. Now the once nomadic Mongols are studying English, learning to operate machines, adopting Western ways. They have "chosen Russia, not China," a significant factor in Eurasian geopolitical calculations.

Whither Russia today? Mr. Salisbury does not try to give a definite answer. However, a Russian "close to the Soviet hierarchy" is thus quoted: "My government knows that nuclear war means the end of the world. Your leaders know this too. Of course, it is difficult. But we have no alternative except to find a way of agreement."

Mr. Leonhard's work is less colorful, less personalized than Mr. Salisbury's. It is a solidly documented, step-by-step presentation of the march of events since Stalin's death. It is a good source book for the student and the researcher. Mr. Leonhard discusses the Pasternak tragedy, the U-2 affair, the post-Stalin "rehabilitations." He dissects Communist policies, feuds, contradictions, and personalities. "The fact that domestic is always given greater weight than foreign policy in the Soviet Union must constantly be borne in mind."

The events that preceded Stalin's death are related with special vividness. Mr. Leonhard does not quite say that Stalin's associates murdered him, but the facts almost cry it out. Another big purge was impending (which apparently would have included such old Stalin cronies as Molotov and Voroshilov); there was delay and confusion in the announcements about Stalin's "illness"; General Poskrebyshev, the dictator's chief henchman, mysteriously disappeared. Furthermore, Khrushchev's secret speech at the Twentieth Party Congress was an excoriation of the departed Kremlin boss.

Though the book is a pretty grim recital, some humor and considerable irony creep in. When Molotov criticized his colleagues for courting Tito, Khrushchev exploded, "This is all your [Molotov's] wife's fault. It would be much better for you if you didn't listen to her."

Like Mr. Salisbury, Mr. Leonhard is impressed by the independent thinking of some elements of Soviet youth. "It is questionable," he writes, "whether this generation will let itself be made into the tool of a leader still dominated by Stalin's ideas."

As for the future, Mr. Leonhard believes that Soviet foreign policy emphasis "shifts more and more to the developing countries." The Kremlin hopes to do this without precipitating nuclear war. Nevertheless, "the free world may expect a considerable increase in international Communist activity during the coming years."

—*N. C.*

Crimean billboard advertises a choice: "Who does not work, shall not eat!"

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H-Bomb Hideaways for Ivan

***"Civil Defense in the Soviet Union," by Leon Gouré** (University of California Press. 207 pp. Hardbound, $4.95; Paperback, $2.45), asserts that the USSR has been spending $500 million to $1.5 billion on fall-out shelters and the training of citizens to cope with nuclear attack. Until recently Ludmilla N. Shapiro was Moscow correspondent for the London Observer.*

By LUDMILLA N. SHAPIRO

THERE were raised eyebrows among Western observers in Moscow last year when Leon Gouré's testimony before a Congressional committee in Washington on the allegedly vast Soviet civil defense program became available. Long-time foreign residents, diplomats, and newspapermen had been unaware of any serious Soviet preoccupation with civil defense. No fall-out shelters had been spotted by veteran diplomatic travelers, no trial alerts had been sounded, and the central mass-circulation press was singularly free from publicizing the needs of civil defense in nuclear war. Official inquiries brought angry denials from Soviet spokesmen, and the press continued its violent abuse of alleged American "mass hysteria" connected with our campaign for fall-out shelters. To a group of world "peace marchers," Mrs. Nikita Khrushchev denied any knowledge of Soviet shelters. A prominent Soviet architect characterized the shelter as "chimera," and Defense Minister Marshal Rodion Malinovsky ridiculed shelters as "living tombs."

Yet, Mr. Gouré, in his book, has produced an impressive array of published documentary evidence to demonstrate that—on paper, at least—the Soviet Union "has been engaged in an extensive and expanding civil defense program which has already resulted in a significant capability." Although he admits that, given the Soviet passion for secrecy, it is difficult "to ascertain the extent of actual activities and investments in civil defense," the author estimated an annual expenditure of between $500 million and $1.5 billion for a program that includes "the compulsory participation of the majority of citizens." He conjectures that Soviet civil defense is much stronger than ours.

Although the author's claims are qualified enough, the validity of some of his conclusions about the effectiveness of the program may be open to question. He does not, for example, explain the basis of his estimated Soviet allocations for civil defense. Nor his guess that between fifty and 100 million people have been trained already in civil defense.

The civil defense program is administered by DOSAAF (initials for the Voluntary Society for Aiding the Army, Air Force, and Fleet), whose membership, according to Gouré, runs into thirty millions. Its functions cover "organizing and supervising the compulsory training of the adult population."

DOSAAF publishes numerous pamphlets and booklets and it organizes lectures and exhibits. It does an impressive job—on paper. But the popular attitude towards this organization is illustrated in a current Soviet anecdote. "Why was Allen Dulles compelled to leave the CIA?" one Russian asks. Answer: "Because he was unable to explain exactly what DOSAAF is supposed to do."

MR. GOURE is, indeed, aware of the fact that "the Soviet authorities are faced with the problem of apathy and lack of interest." Aside from schools and factories where some training is compulsory, the DOSAAF meetings, as far as Moscow residents can ascertain, are usually attended by mere handfuls of retired old people who can think of nothing better to do. A mystery to Muscovites is who reads the DOSAAF newspapers and booklets.

The average Russian lacks adequate motivation to be interested in civil defense. He knows little or nothing about the dangers of fall-out, for which the central press has not prepared him. The DOSAAF literature does prescribe measures of protection against nuclear and chemical-biological warfare, but where is the ordinary citizen to get the needed clothes, gas masks, and other materials? If the state has a stockpile of them, they remain to be distributed. In this connection the author poses the convenient thesis that "Soviet civil defense thus far appears to be tailored, at least for the present, to the assumption that war might well begin under favorable circumstances," *i.e.*, that there would be ample warning time before the elaborate defense system he describes could be made operative. What is ample advance warning in nuclear warfare, given the cumbersome and inadequate Soviet transportation system, shortage of food and clothing reserves, and the absence of public shelters?

Although no foreigners have seen them, it may be reasonably assumed that key government offices and defense establishments have built some kind of shelters or at least remodeled those of World War II. But what is the ordinary citizen to do? According to Gouré, travelers report having seen evidence of shelters somewhere in the Soviet Union. And he states tourists have spotted ventilation shafts on Moscow streets which presumably lead to secret shelters. He also assumes that great reliance is placed on the subway system as proved by the recent installation of blast doors at entrances to stations.

The ventilation shafts are, of course, the same shafts that have been in existence along the subway lines since prewar days. Only Moscow, Leningrad, and Kiev boast subway systems (the latter two only a few miles long). The stations are few and far between, many of them quite a distance from heavily populated areas. Not one of them is provided with toilets or plumbing. No wonder the more sophisticated Russians who know something about nuclear warfare tend to dismiss civil defense with an anecdote. "What would you do should nuclear warfare break out?" one Russian asks another. "Get into a shroud and calmly walk to the cemetery," he is answered. "Why calmly?" "To avert panic." Nor do the city planners seem to be concerned much with civil defense problems. A recent tour of the newly constructed housing developments in Moscow showed no provision for shelters. The basements are small, shallow, and accessible with difficulty. If there are shelters anywhere, they remain a secret to the bulk of the population.

Mr. Gouré has performed a useful service in describing the Soviet concept of civil defense. He has not, however, sufficiently emphasized the enormous gap between concept and execution. If the Soviet authorities seriously believed in the imminence of nuclear war, they could find ways of reducing this gap. But one can hardly quarrel with Mr. Gouré's conclusion "that despite the growing destructiveness of weapons and the necessarily limited effectiveness of any civil defense system, the Soviet leaders believe the program to be worth further efforts. . . ."

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This year the Sidney Hillman Foundation gave its annual magazine award to author Lillian Smith for "The Ordeal of Southern Women," an article that appeared in the May, 1961, issue of REDBOOK. *Unable to receive this award in person, Miss Smith sent the foundation the following message, which is such a moving example of courage and humanity that we wished to share it with our readers.*

AN AWAKENING OF THE HEART BY LILLIAN SMITH

I am sorry not to be able to say thank you in person for this award. Unfortunately, my old enemy, cancer, has chosen to interfere with my plans. But though it is inconvenient and disappointing to have to go into this fifth battle with the enemy, I am sure I shall win—with the weapon of cobalt on my side. I learned long ago that cancer is not something to fear but something to fight. And I have seen too much gaiety in the cobalt waiting room, heard too much laughter, watched the working of too much courage, ever to despair of the human being's strength to meet ordeal and make of it something creative and good. This private experience with cancer has given me a view of courage and love of life that I had not seen before. There are no whimperers present. There is courage, compassion for each other, faith. Watching these people has made me know that whatever great changes we need to make in our country—in New York or in **(Continued in August Redbook)**

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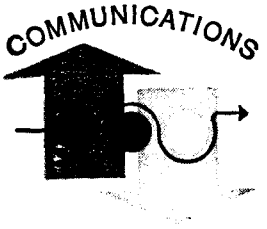
Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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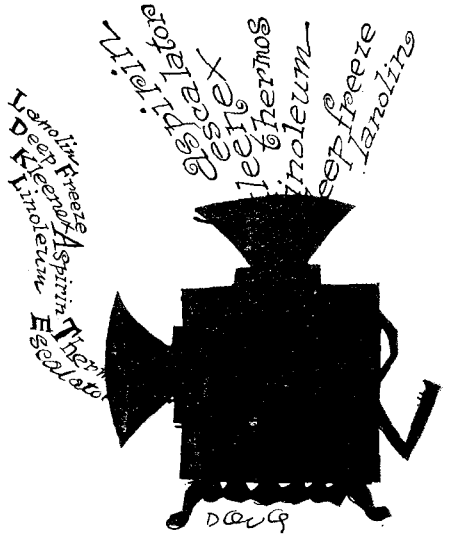

When a Trademark Becomes a Common Noun

RECENTLY in a Hartford, Connecticut, court, the word "thermos" became the latest trademark to suffer a fate common to successful manufactured products which, as a result of highly competent production and merchandising, gain unusually wide public acceptance. A Thermos *is*, as practically everyone knows, a vacuum bottle which will keep things either hot or cold for long intervals. It is especially useful to picnickers, away-from-home lunchers, or those who like to take their cocktails with them. But because a Thermos bottle has become so much a part of the American way of life, a court has now ruled that use of the word "thermos" with a lower-case "t" is as permissible as using any other common noun in the American language with a lower-case first letter.

The late Federal Judge Learned Hand once said that advertising's very success may sometimes prove to be its failure, and this is precisely what has happened to famous brand names like Thermos. They have become so thoroughly identified with a useful article or a common function that the public uses them as the generic name; and when a trademark ceases to indicate that the product derives from only one particular source, exclusive legal rights to it are put in jeopardy.

Some of the terms which have passed generally from proper to common nouns include Linoleum, Cellophane, Escalator, Kerosene, Deep Freeze, Shredded Wheat, Lanolin, Aspirin, Milk of Magnesia, Kleenex, Band-Aid, and Celluloid. There are literally hundreds of others. The Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company has long carried on a mighty rear-guard action against the use of Scotch Tape as a lower-case noun. The company has, for example, advertised heavily in professional publications read by editors and reporters, pleading with them and their copy editors to remember that Scotch Tape is a trademark and should therefore be spelled only with capitalized first letters. Just the same, the product is so superb, so widely accepted, and so generally useful (especially to editors themselves) that scotch tape seems bound to suffer the same unhappy fate as other oversuccessful brand names.

How is it possible to protect one's trademark against such incursions? Sidney A. Diamond, writing in the current issue of "Journal of Marketing," says the key principle is always to identify a trademark as such on labels, in advertising, or wherever else it may appear. This can be accomplished in various ways, one of which is constant use of the generic name of the product in association with the trademark.

"When a product is marketed under the brand name accompanied by the generic name of the goods," Mr. Diamond says, "it is most unlikely that the brand name will lose its significance as an indication of origin." For example, the Anacin container is labeled "Anacin Analgesic Tablets," and the "Q-Tips" box is marked "Q-Tips Cotton Swabs." Other protective methods include display of the trademark with some form of special typographical treatment; separate patent-office registration, as in the case of the popular term "Coke"; and use of a trademark for a whole

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line rather than a single service or product.

Just the same, trademark defenders are up against formidable odds when their product happens to be widely popular, well advertised, and highly original. The Associated Press, well aware of such niceties as upper and lower case, frequently issues bulletins of caution to its writers that names like Scotch Tape, Kleenex, Cellophane, and Band-Aid are trademark words referring to specifically manufactured articles and should not, therefore, be used as common nouns. But what's a reporter going to do when all about him use these words and phrases as though they were generic? He finds himself trying to come up with an adequate lower-case synonym; but perhaps there just isn't anything as handy as scotch tape, kleenex, cellophane or band-aid, so he either misuses the trade name, attempts an awkward substitute, or skips the point.

To the general public there's little difference between an upper case "T" and a lower case "t." Even to editors, being human, the extreme importance of a patent or trademark to its originator sometimes is lost in a sea of usage. The very success of fundamental trademarks in household and office is a tribute of American ingenuity and merchandising, and there's precious little a company can do when a product is superb and its acceptance total. Maybe this is part of the democratic way of things, anyway. Maybe it is somehow right and just that when something new and useful has been created by the free capitalistic economy it should eventually become the common property of the common people through a common noun. —R.L.T.

Introducing By-Liners

Herbert Brucker, editor of the Hartford *Courant*, formerly chaired the freedom of information committee of the American Society of Newspaper Editors. He was on the staff of the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia University from 1932 until 1944, when he moved to Hartford.

George Malko recently spent a year in Australia with UNESCO and the Australian Broadcasting Commission, producing and directing educational television. He is presently with the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Letters to the Communications Editor

JUSTICE BLACK ON LIBEL

YOUR EDITORIAL commenting on the statement of Justice Black on "Freedom of Speech or of the Press" [*SR*, July 14] will be of great interest, I am sure, to the people of our country generally. The Justice's position will certainly meet tremendous opposition and would appear to be in conflict with the sounder dictum of the late Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, who said, I believe, "Freedom of speech does not permit a man to cry 'fire' in a crowded theatre."

WALTER H. GRAY, D.D.,
Bishop of Connecticut.

Hartford, Conn.

IN HIS EDITORIAL "Are Libel and Slander Suits Unconstitutional?" Richard L. Tobin states, "Now a member of our Supreme Court tells us that all suits for slander and libel may well be unconstitutional because they contradict the specifics of the Bill of Rights which, to Justice Black, means what it says, literally. This is an astonishing premise."

I find Mr. Tobin's statement astonishing. I cannot understand what the Bill of Rights, or indeed the entire Constitution, means except what it says, literally. The framers of the Constitution were, I believe, sufficiently skilful in their ability to express themselves, and sufficiently careful in their choice of words, to say what they meant. If they had wished to say something else —or more, or less—they would have done so.

I do not wish to argue the correctness of Justice Black's position in this particular instance. But I do wish to take issue with what appears to be a trend in the interpretation of the Constitution by the Supreme Court and laymen alike. This is the tendency to read into the document what the reader thinks the framers meant to say, or should have said, or even might have said. It has become an astonishing premise to interpret it to mean what it does say, literally. Nevertheless, it does say certain things and does not say others. It is true, of course, that it requires interpretation. Any meaningful sequence of words in any language will express different means to different people at different times. But this interpretation should have as its whole purpose precisely Mr. Tobin's astonishing premise – to determine exactly what it says, literally, and abide by it.

KENNETH C. WIMMEL.

Cincinnati, O.

I RESPECTFULLY CONTEND that your assay of Justice Black's interpretation of the First Amendment is both shortsighted, as you say, and fearful. Scandal, libelous or slanderous, would lose its zest to the prurient mind, were it commonly able of expression. It would then be that action would speak louder than words.

It is like saying that Christianity is a failure because it is not being practiced. It is to say that despite being literate and adult people, the majority of us are too immature to accept the responsibility that accompanies such freedom. It is a truism that freedom, which you confuse, and license are not the same.

The truth is nearer to the opinion that prohibitions tend to inspire evasion, and, ultimately, disdain for the law. We are babes in the woods, politically, and fear most that which least occurs, probably because, materially, we have the most to lose.

GLEN FISHER.

E. Stroudsburg, Pa.

JUSTICE BLACK'S VALUED OPINION that libel and slander laws are unconstitutional came as a considerable surprise to this reader. Since Justice Black himself has searched for the motives of the framers of the Constitution to arrive at this view, how are we to construe these remarks by the principal architect of the Constitution, James Madison? "Why has government been instituted at all? Because the passions of men will not conform to the dictates of reason and justice, without restraint."

Though our Founding Fathers feared powerful government, the fact is that they sanctioned it with the power of restraint, i.e., laws and their penalties, to which Madison here seems to refer.

That the Founding Fathers intended unqualified approval of freedom of speech and publication seems improbable in light of the practical experience, based on a sceptical view not only of governments but of human nature, by which the Constitution was written. Surely the individual must be protected against the wilful abuse of the First Amendment by the slanderer or libeler. The fact that spoken or written words are used in no way, to my mind, vitiates the crime of defamation; evil said is easily translated into evil done—loss of job, income, and reputation. The case of John Henry Faulk is a recent and instructive example.

CRAIG GILBORN.

Richmond, Va.

ALTHOUGH MR. TOBIN'S critical commentary on Justice Black's position as to constitutionality of defamation suits provides the temperance required of presentation of a radical view, he is fundamentally mistaken in his contention that "it is in the world of the practical that his premise fails." Black's premise fails be-

(*Continued on page 45*)

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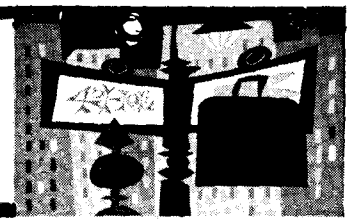
Madison Avenue



Too Much Too Often

BY PETER BART

NOT LONG ago a market-research organization decided to explore an intriguing question: How many people have immunized themselves against television commercials?

After the usual amount of interviewing and tallying, the organization, called the Center for the Study of Audience Reactions, announced its findings. About 20 per cent of the average adult television audience, it said, had become "more or less impervious to the blandishments of television advertising." They draw a mental curtain across the TV screen during commercials.

These findings have been disputed by some researchers. But they nonetheless pointed up a fact often forgotten both on Main Street and on Madison Avenue—that advertisers as well as ordinary television viewers have a stake in the fight against overcommercialism.

To the TV viewer, overcommercialism means watching five commercials in a row during a station break or having a suspenseful movie interrupted every ten minutes by a succession of hemorrhoid and cold remedy ads.

To the advertiser, however, overcommercialism means simply that his message isn't getting through—that the sheer volume of advertising has become so vast the ordinary consumer can't recall what he has seen. To be sure, advertisers traditionally have not been much concerned about this problem. But there are indications now that their concern is growing.

This issue was alluded to recently by Ernest A. Jones, President of the MacManus, John & Adams Agency in Detroit. He noted that the volume of advertising in all media was increasing at an astonishing rate. As a result, he said, "The American consumer is undergoing a self-protective evolution, developing a mental screen against all advertising."

The problem of overcommercialism is reflected in several recent quarrels involving ad men and the TV networks. A few months ago, for example, John W. Burgard, vice-president in charge of advertising at Brown & Williamson Tobacco Company, launched a campaign against what he called "the clutter" of nonentertainment announcements that were sandwiched in between network programs. These included local commercials, program announcements, program credits, public-service reminders, and similar stuff that, according to Mr. Burgard, was "detrimental to the sponsor and irritating to the viewer." It wasn't long before Mr. Burgard, whose company spends some $21,000,000 a year on advertising, was joined by other prominent advertisers in demanding an end to television "clutter."

More recently, however, an even more revealing battle has taken place. This time the quarrel has centered on a seemingly technical broadcasting problem—the spacing of commercials—but the implications go far beyond technicalities. The fight started when the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company, which owns and operates television stations in five major cities, announced that it would reduce the amount of "product-protection time" from fifteen to ten minutes.

"Product protection" refers to the time allowed to elapse between commercials for competitive products. If, for example, a commercial for Chesterfield Cigarettes is scheduled for 8 P.M., network tradition calls for not scheduling another brand of cigarettes until 8:15.

Of late, however, advertisers and their agencies have become alarmed over the slow but steady erosion of their "protection" privileges. Thus, when Westinghouse altered its policy, one big agency, Ted Bates & Company, declared open warfare. Unless Westinghouse restored the fifteen-minute protection period immediately, the agency warned, Ted Bates would cancel its commitments on Westinghouse stations and channel them to other outlets.

The Bates agency (which handles advertising for such products as Anacin, Viceroy Cigarettes, and Colgate Dental Cream) at first stood alone in its "product-protection" fight, but before long another big television-oriented agency, Benton & Bowles, Inc., lined up with Bates. Then, not long ago, the powerful American Association of Advertising Agenices also entered the fray.

A report by the Association's Committee on Broadcast Media declared that "if commercials for competitive products are allowed to follow one another more and more closely, the value of television for advertisers would be vitiated. This is because blurring and confusion become inevitable as intervals between commercials become shorter and shorter."

At this writing, the final outcome of the product-protection fight is still in doubt. Although Westinghouse has slightly modified its position, it still declines to guarantee flatly a fifteen-minute product-protection period. Meanwhile, other broadcasters argue that, given the growing volume of television advertising and the expanding diversity of products on the market, it is no longer possible to issue guarantees of this type.

However the technical issues may be resolved, the fight itself has important implications for the average television viewer. It has long since become clear that the only thing which can halt the increasing overcommercialism of television is a realization on the part of advertisers that their messages are not getting through. And now there is evidence that this is precisely what is happening.

After all, once advertisers start worrying about the "blurring and confusion" caused by competitive commercials, the obvious next step is to worry about the blur caused by commercials for all types of products. As one agency research man admits: "There is little research available on the whole question of overcommercialism. Advertisers have been so used to thinking of TV as the magic medium that, until now, they've not worried too much about its rising costs and possibly declining effectiveness."

To be sure, Madison Avenue is not as yet ready to launch a full-scale rebellion against the rampant overcommercialism of television. But perhaps the seeds of discontent have been planted.

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THE GOVERNMENT COPYRIGHT RACKET

By HERBERT BRUCKER

IT WAS November 19, 1863. An official procession, with President Lincoln on a horse too small for him, struggled out from Gettysburg toward the cemetery where lay the thousands who had died in the three-day battle in July. When after two hours Edward Everett had finished his polished oration, the President arose, put on his spectacles, and looked down at a single sheet of paper in his hand. Fifteen thousand persons, or as many of them as could get near enough, for the first time heard the words: "Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth. . . ." The unexpectedly brief speech, varyingly received at the time, in due course took its hallowed place in the literature belonging to the nation and, indeed, to the whole world.

Suppose it had been 1963 instead of 1863. Soon there would have appeared a book reproducing the Gettysburg Address among the papers, speeches, and statements of the President. And it would be marked up front, "Copyright © 1963, by A. Lincoln."

Copyright? Doesn't that give an individual exclusive right to what is written? It does. How then can a public paper that belongs to the nation become the private property of the man who happens to be President at the moment? It's impossible!

It should be impossible, that is. The 1909 copyright law still in effect today specifically says (17 USC Section 8): "No copyright shall subsist . . . in any publication of the United States Government, or any reprint, in whole or in part. . . ." But despite what the law says, public papers are being copyrighted every day, in ever-increasing numbers. And nobody seems to care.

If you don't believe it, go down to your library or bookstore and take a look at a book published last January. Its title is "To Turn the Tide," and its author is John F. Kennedy. The subtitle reads: "A selection from President Kennedy's public statements from his election through the 1961 adjournment of Congress, setting forth the goals of his first legislative year." Two pages later you will find the notice, "Copyright © 1962 by John F. Kennedy," and the statement, "No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews."

That public papers should thus be transmuted into private property, which may be sold or withheld from the public at will, seems a contradiction in terms. Nevertheless it is being done, eagerly and widely, not only by Presidents but by officials and functionaries all the way down through the ranks of the bureaucratic hierarchy.

PLEASE don't blame President Kennedy. The chances are that he did not even know it was being done in his name. He did not know about it, that is, until there appeared in the Washington *Post* of last January 3 an advertisement addressed to the President that asked: "What's the point of placing any type of restriction on the quotability of the public statements of a President of the United States?" Sure enough next day, from temporary White House quarters at Palm Beach, there came the report that this copyright on a book of the President's public papers "was a mistake that is being corrected in future editions."

How could such a mistake be made? Because violation of the law has grown so fast and so far that even the expert staff of the President seemed to have been unaware that there was anything inappropriate, let alone illegal, in thus quietly turning public papers into a source of private revenue. Book publishers take out a copyright as a matter of course. Naturally—since they benefit if their collections of public papers can have the same protection as private creations. And often the matter is made fuzzy because original and copyrightable material has been added. The Kennedy book, for example, has background comments by the editor and a foreword by Carl Sandburg.

The relevant point, however, is the copyrighting of what is plainly public property. And probably this practice would have gone on unnoticed to this day had it not been challenged by an individual who squawked, and who keeps right on squawking. He is M. B. Schnapper, editor of Public Affairs Press in Washington, a publishing house that issues pamphlets and books on contemporary social, economic, and political affairs. Understandably, Mr. Schnapper wants to make use of public papers when appropriate. And he has every right to do so, just as does any other citizen.

It was Mr. Schnapper who put the ad in the Washington *Post* that smoked out the error in copyrighting the Kennedy papers. He has been at this kind of thing for years, and by now his cry in the bureaucratic wilderness has been heard by a number of individuals who have taken alarm at what is going on.

There are two principal reasons for the burgeoning practice of putting a private copyright on the taxpayers' property. The first and most obvious one is the possibility of making money. And there is ample evidence that individuals in government service have in fact made money by acquiring property rights in, and then selling, the products of their official duties.

The other reason is that a copyright provides a means of censorship: "No part of this book may be used or reproduced. . . ." As Major General C. C. Dodge, the Army's Chief of Information, wrote Mr. Schnapper earlier this year, "The [Army historical] works were copyrighted at that time to prevent quoting of material out of context." In other words, if we in officialdom don't like the use you make of this public property that's yours as much as anyone else's, we'll stop you.

Happily, General Dodge added that it would henceforth be the Army's policy that military histories issued in the name of the American people would no longer be copyrighted. But the incident serves as a reminder of the increasing tendency of people in government to regard the information they produce in the name of the public, and at the public's expense, as having somehow mysteriously become something other than public property. If it is valuable, it can be sold. Or if the records are better concealed—Billie Sol Estes is but the latest brilliant star in an expanding universe of government

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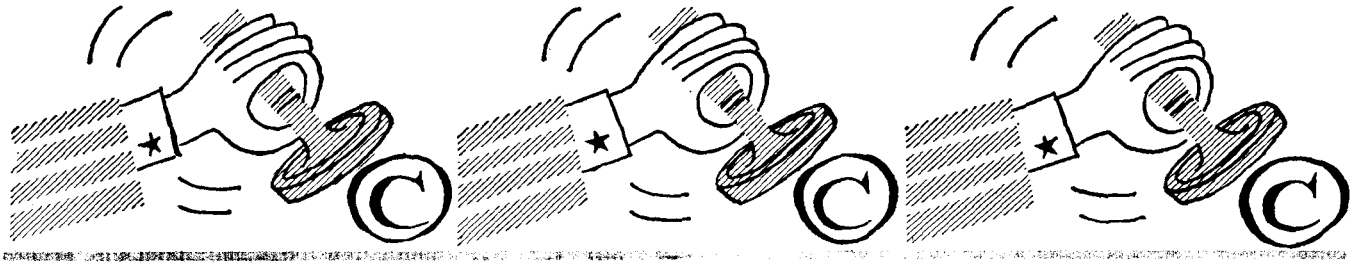

boners—then a copyright is one means of concealing them.

This practice of suppressing news generated by the government accounts for the contemporary battle for freedom of information, or the right to know. It is the ancient battle for freedom of the press in modern trappings. For of what use is it to be free to print anything you like, if you can't get anything to print?

To answer that the copyright holder will remedy this by publishing is to miss the point. There shouldn't be any copyright. In fact, what is startling about the whole development is that the government people who copyright public documents, when reminded that the law forbids the practice, tend to hold that they are right and the law wrong. The Office of Copyright in the Library of Congress actually has in the legislative works a report urging a change in the copyright law, one provision of which gets the camel's nose well under the tent. There should be, it says, "exceptions in unusual cases."

This turn of mind is a fairly recent development. The first time anyone dreamed that such a thing as the prohibition of government copyright might be necessary was at the turn of the century. At that time one Representative James D. Richardson, a prominent Democrat from Tennessee, put together the addresses of the presidents, including, of all things, Washington's Farewell Address and the Gettysburg Address. Yet, though the printing plates of his "Messages and Papers of the Presidents" had even been manufactured at public expense, Representative Richardson had the work published under his own copyright—and then took in $11,320 in royalties.

So unusual was this kind of thing—at that time—that there was a row in Congress. In the end there was a Senate investigation. The report said:

> Your committee thinks that copyright should not have issued in behalf of the Messages, and that the law as it stands is sufficient to deny copyright to any and every work once issued as a government publication. If the services of any author or compiler employed by the Government require him to be compensated, payment should be made in money, frankly and properly appropriated for that purpose, and the resulting book or other publication in whole and as to any part should be always at the free use of the people, and this, without doubt, was what Congress intended.

So virtue triumphed. But copies of the Messages survive to this day, and researchers who find what they seek in the book may well be frightened about quoting because of the copyright. So it is with President Kennedy's "To Turn the Tide." The copyright is there, in print. Even if there are subsequent editions without it, the original notice that this is private property is in the libraries to warn the scholars of the future against using what it is their clear right to quote.

Another trouble is that, though the law specifies that there shall be no copyright on any "publication of the United States Government," it does not say what such publication is. Therefore the first need in any revision of the copyright law is a broad and precise definition that will prevent what the existing silence of the law encourages aggressive public servants to try to get away with.

Fortunately the issue has come to a head in a suit brought in 1958 by Mr. Schnapper and his Public Affairs Press against Admiral Hyman G. Rickover. Admiral Rickover, of course, is one of the outstanding public servants of our time. Without him we would have no atomic submarines. But that does not change the fact that he, too, has taken statements that he made as a public officer and thrown the mantle of private copyright over them.

The suit is not yet adjudicated. It went up through the ranks to the Supreme Court, and was sent back for more thorough review. The Supreme Court found that there were involved "matters of serious public concern" and "delicate problems" whose solution "is bound to have far-reaching import." The Court held further that the original judgment had been based not on the "adequate and full-bodied record" demanded by the complexities involved, but on a record "woefully lacking." Hence the trip back to the lower courts.

Pending the outcome, some facts are known. The Public Affairs Press asked Mr. Rickover for copies of some speeches he had made in his official capacity. Among them were speeches that had been publicly distributed in the usual manner as press releases from the Department of Defense or Atomic Energy Commission. Later on, however, when the Admiral took out the copyright, he submitted verbatim copies of these speeches without indication that they had originally been official press releases, and without the insignia of the DOD or AEC on them. Admiral Rickover then warned the Public Affairs Press against quoting from these speeches in any way. Whether there is a connection or not, the Admiral had three months earlier sold his copyrighted speeches to another book publisher.

The matter is not one of black and white because all of us wear two hats, whether we are in government or a private job. Suppose, for example, that Admiral Rickover were a poet. Suppose he had been so moved by an early cruise on an atomic submarine that he had sat down, even on government time and in the government's submarine, to compose a poem on the experience. Presumably this personal creation would be his private property despite the circumstances of its composition.

However, isn't such a poem or other personal literary or scientific work, especially if done out of hours or on subjects not connected with the official's job, quite different from a speech or other public document issued as official government business?

Perhaps until the suit against Rickover is adjudicated, we have no right to an opinion about it. But it does seem on the face of it that official papers by government servants are ipso facto in the public domain. There is no more reason why such material should become the private property of the government official who wrote it as part of his job than that Representative Richardson should copyright Washington's or Lincoln's addresses. We might as well allow an enterprising individual to take out an original copyright on Shakespeare or Mozart.

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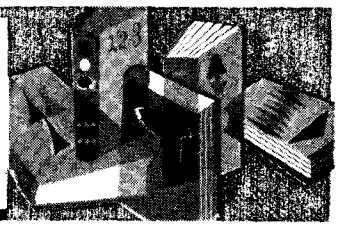
Books in Communications



The "I"s Have It

By CURTIS COLBY

THE LETTER "I" is one typewriter key the newspaperman always hesitates punching. Yet those times when he does indulge an inclination for the first person often see him at his best.

Certainly Bob Casey was at his best in the first person. Ben Hecht (another good man with an "I"), in introducing Casey's **"Grand Slam"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $5.00), describes him as "one of the handful of great reporters of our era"; and the selections in this volume, taken from eight of his most popular books, give point to the statement.

Casey began his journalistic career in Des Moines, and then went on to cover the Chicago of the 1920s, when, as he put it, "we were convinced that chaos had come to stay, that there would never again be a time in Chicago when hooch and murder would not be the principal topics of news. . . . And then, of course, it was all finished virtually overnight."

That it was finished came home to him in the late 1930s when he was asked to identify the body of an old-time mobster:

> 'Yes,' I said. 'It's Louie Alterie.' . . . The little doctor who had been doing what could be done to save this often forfeited life stiffened up. . . .
>
> 'And who,' he wanted to know, 'is Louie Alterie?'
>
> 'He was a killer . . . chief cannon for Dion O'Banion's mob.' And only then did it flash upon me that a new day had dawned in the land.
>
> 'Who,' the little doctor wanted to know, 'was Dion O'Banion?'
>
> I puzzled over that one as I went back to the office to write a lead on the fall of the mighty. Eight years had gone by since they shot Dion O'Banion while shaking hands with him in his flower shop across from the Cathedral . . . eight years and already one of the imperishable names of a nightmare decade had gone into the still more imperishable mud. I think of it whenever I see a new face in the rotogravure. . . .
>
> 'Who was Dion O'Banion?'

Casey, like Ernie Pyle, won national fame in the war. He could catch the moment-by-moment confusion of battle:

> 8:50. Our guns fire from the stern. There is a crash from the flight deck. A muzzle burst in Gun No. 8 of the five-inch battery. . . .
>
> Shells begin to pile up on the end of the island where the land battery is flashing at us. We are doing a sort of cumbersome adagio dance, the sort of movement you might expect of an elephant in bayonet drill. . . .
>
> 8:57. A lookout announces: 'Plane approaching — bearing two-five-oh.' Lieutenant Brewer, on the platform below this one, repeats it into the telephone. . . .
>
> 'Our plane!' bawls the lookout and Brewer repeats that. Then he puts down the telephone and signals for an orderly to inform the Marine battery—the pompom ack-ack outfit. 'Our plane!' he calls. 'Tell it to the Marines.'

He could catch, too, the wry humor of Americans under stress:

> 'Captain,' he said, 'I wasn't scared. I wasn't scared a bit. I knew nothing was going to happen to us. They say that when you're in real danger all your life passes before your eyes—poof—just like that. And, Captain, I didn't see a goddam thing.'
>
> The captain looked at him.
>
> 'Smitty,' he said, 'when I looked at that depth gauge and saw the second hand passing twenty I was just getting out of high school.'

As an I-was-there reporter, Bob Casey showed himself very much in the first rank.

GENIAL AFTERGLOW: Frank Luther Mott, in his collection of fifteen autobiographical essays, **"Time Enough"** (University of North Carolina Press, $6.00), does not shrink from the first-person pronoun either. Noted for his histories of journalism (particularly his "History of American Magazines," volumes five and six of which are still in progress), Dr. Mott in this book steps off the historian's well-marked path to ramble where he pleases.

His starting point is the Middle West of his boyhood, just before the turn of the century, when at the age of ten he learned to set type in the office of his father's small-town newspaper. His childhood, as he recalls it, was largely happy and uneventful, although as he points out, perhaps his recollections have spread "too rosy a hue over the past."

Within the loose chronology of "Time Enough," Dr. Mott manages to fit impressions of professors he has known and of General MacArthur and Emperor Hirohito, whom he interviewed on a visit to Japan. He also ventures opinions about newspaper journalism today and about the "tyranny of the clock" in our modern lives. The over-all effect is genial and relaxed, like sinking into an armchair, head back against the antimacassar, for after-dinner reminiscences. No doubt this is exactly the effect Dr. Mott intended.

THE JOURNALIST AS SPY: There are no "I" men among Soviet journalists, and in the case of the news agency TASS, there is some question as to whether journalism is even its correspondents' main job. As Theodore K. Kruglak notes in **"The Two Faces of TASS"** (University of Minnesota Press, $5.00), TASS men still produce diplomatic passports in emergencies, are frequently transferred to other branches of the government, and sometimes engage in espionage. There is a blurring of lines "between the journalist, the propagandist, and the spy." Hence the two faces of TASS.

Actually, though, it is the first face that receives major emphasis in this somewhat academic book, which Mr. Kruglak begins by sketching in the history of TASS's European antecedents, Reuters, Havas, and Wolff. This effort toward completeness is in keeping with his approach throughout, for not only does he explore the workings of the Soviet news agency in all its aspects, including both its concept of news and its relations with U.S. agencies, but he elaborates on the personal characteristics of the men most involved in its development. The result is often interesting, but just as often tedious. "The Two Faces of TASS" would have benefited from its author's having been less thoroughgoing and more selective in his details.

To TASS's second face, Mr. Kruglak gives one chapter, in which he shows that, for the most part, TASS men have been flops as MVD agents. In fact, some of the episodes could be put together with few changes into a vehicle for Danny Kaye. Take, for example, the case of the TASS man who was afraid to drive in the homecoming traffic of Sydney, Australia, and who, consequently, was instructed by Moscow to take £ 15 out of MVD funds for driving lessons. Mr. Kruglak believes tha TASS's espionage activities have now been reduced. If so, this would seem to have been a very practical decision on the part of the MVD.

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PRINTING ENTERS THE COMMON MARKET

By JOHN TEBBEL

DUSSELDORF, GERMANY.

AT THE Drupa 1962 International Printing and Paper Fair, which recently turned this industrial city upside down, the chief topic of conversation among the thousands of graphic arts people gathered from all over the world was what the Common Market would mean to the manufacture and sale of printing machinery.

Quite obviously it was going to mean business on a scale never seen before, and its implications for the American market, and for the printing industry in general, were being discussed everywhere with enthusiasm or anxiety, as the case might be. It was the first trade fair in Europe at which buyers from every country in the European Economic Community were free to import printing machinery without being restricted as to quantity, and the amount of business being done was startling to American visitors accustomed to trade fairs at home.

In addition, there was much else to impress first-time visitors from abroad. For example, there was the sheer physical size of the exhibition, which sprawled through six huge buildings covering 830,000 square feet of space. Space was overbooked, and one West German exhibitor, whose main display was already one of the largest at the fair, had to establish an auxiliary exhibition on a large river boat tied up on the Rhine, whose heavy traffic flowing by outside hardly matched the flow of nearly a half-million visitors inside the exhibition gates. The Rhine proved to be a hospitable place in general: other boats sheltered visitors who failed to get hotel rooms, which were solidly booked for sixty miles around.

There is no trade fair in the United States which approaches the size of these European exhibitions, of which the Drupa Fair, large as it might be, was far from being the largest. "You call this big?" a German exhibitor snorted. "The fair at Hamburg was five times larger."

Nevertheless, Drupa is quite big enough and has long been well known in the graphics and paper industries as "the biggest market of the graphics world," as its German promoters like to call it. This was the fourth of the Drupa fairs, held every four years; and a record number of manufacturers, suppliers, print producers, and their clients flocked to see the new products and discuss Common Market possibilities.

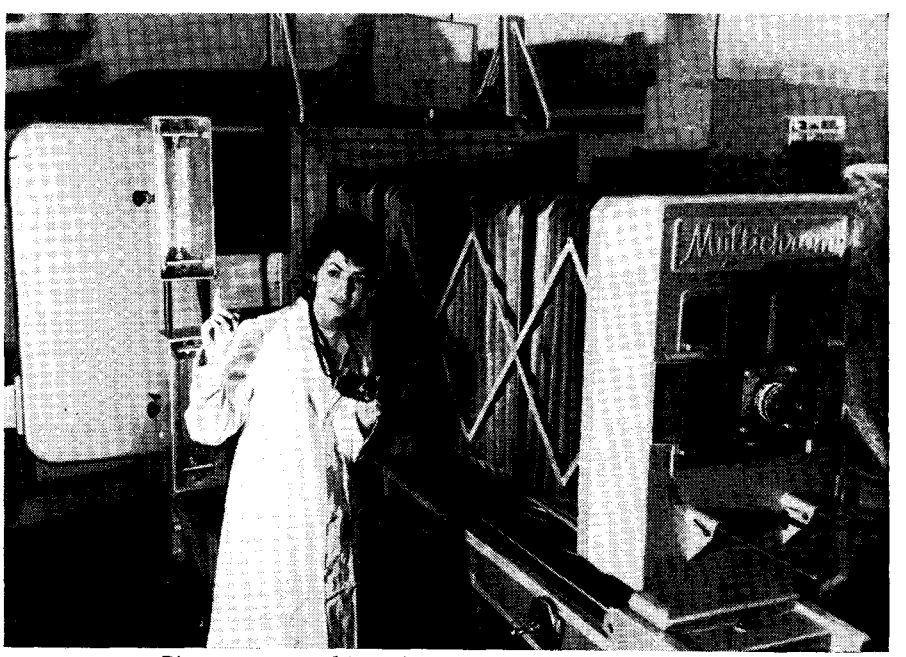
What they saw, first and foremost, was machinery, thousands of square feet of it. Machinery was the chief product displayed by the nearly 700 exhibiting firms, 252 of them from countries outside Germany. Huge presses were set up, and most of them were operating — their lusty roars mingling with the constant chatter of small presses and other machinery. Everywhere the talk was of offset. Of all the fascinating technological advances on display, those in offset were the most numerous and appeared to be attracting the greatest number of customers.

After years of stagnation, technology is moving rapidly in printing machinery, as the exhibits confirmed. New types of plastic plates, and wrap-around plates made of various materials, were on display. Electronics has become an important factor, not only in making plates but in the control of fast-running presses. Automation, through filmsetting, is taking over type-setting machinery. Some kinds of presses that were once operated by hand are also being automated. New kinds of fast-drying synthetic inks and specialized varieties of paper are coming on the market. Synthetic materials are being used more and more to make plates. Four-color offset printing on new presses is producing work of almost unbelievable quality.

Remarkable progress was also evident in the displays of the paper and cardboard processing industry. This is the industry that produces, among its more than forty different products, such things as paper and cardboard packages, stationery and office requisites, and art products like bookbinding material, tapestries, and lampshades.

Underlying the intense interest in new processes and equipment, however, was the equally intense absorption with the opportunities and problems presented by the removal last December 31 of all existing quantitative import restrictions on capital goods in the European Economic Community. Some European countries still maintain an import quota system, but this, too, is expected to end and import licenses will no longer be required. Meanwhile, the Common Market customers were busy placing orders at the fair, unhampered by red tape for the first time.

The competition for business was heated, with overtones of nationalism. Italy, for example, has made astonishing strides in printing machinery, and its twenty-two exhibitors at the Fair unveiled some presses which had the



Giant camera used in making printing plates and cylinders.

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customers buzzing. If machinery can be beautiful, these Italian presses qualify esthetically. Like those in the other exhibits, they were kept in a constant state of high polish by crews of wipers, some of them girls who treated these masses of machinery as though they were oiling fine drawing-room furniture.

If the Italians have contrived to build some Cellini-like grace into their presses, the more practical English have concentrated on turning out some sturdy marvels of high-speed production which are giving the Common Market countries aggressively stiff competition in the world market, where the British are well entrenched. In fact, England with fifty-seven displays was better represented at the fair than any other foreign exhibitor. France, Switzerland, Italy, and the United States followed, in that order. The American displays, eighteen in all, were modest by comparison with the others, although of course American printing machinery is also strongly represented in the world market.

People outside the field are inclined to think of printing only in terms of newspapers, magazines, and books, but the graphic arts industries represented at the fair demonstrated how much broader the scope of their business actually is, with its tremendous displays of packaging machines and other equipment for commercial uses outside the communications media. The show was grouped in four categories: printing machines of all kinds; auxiliary printing machines, accessories, and equipment for printers; papercutting and papermaking machines, along with paper-converting equipment and bookbinding machines; composing machines, type-casting machines, and materials and equipment for reproduction and process engraving, stereotyping, and electrotyping.

The demand appears to be heaviest for presses. Nearly every large company in every major country is backordered for months, so great is the need for printed materials everywhere in the world. One British firm at the fair warned prospective customers that a press ordered today could not be delivered for four-and-a-half years.

Some idea of the size of this world business in printing and paper machinery can be gained from export figures. In 1960, the seven principal Western countries—West Germany, the United States, Britain, Switzerland, Sweden, Italy, and France—exported $422 million worth of such machinery, a rise of nearly $100 million over the previous year. Projections for this year indicate that the figure will be more than $600 million, and still going up. It will, unquestionably, be a billion dollar industry very soon. In America, the graphics industry is sixth largest among American businesses, employing nearly a million people in more than 30,000 separate enterprises. America's printing and paper machinery industry is the largest in the world.

After tramping down endless corridors in the exhibition halls, some Drupa visitors were likely to be found in the late afternoon across the street from the show, sitting at the pleasant tables of the Rheinterrasse Düsseldorf, overlooking the river. Shop talk over excellent beer and wine among these foot-weary visiting experts confirmed the primary trends in the graphics industries which the Drupa show exemplified.

ONE is the heavy emphasis on new machinery, which occupied the major space at the fair. Another is the rapid increase of automation in production processes in the graphic arts, papermaking, and converting industries, and as a corollary, the remarkable improvements in machinery and plates which competition between printing processes has produced. A third is the dramatic increase in the versatility and range of the new machinery. Like nearly everything else in modern life, machines are becoming more and more specialized. In machines, as in humans, it is the era of the specialist.

There is, finally, a major demand today for machines and processes which will meet the constant pressure for greater production speed. Where speed once meant an inevitable loss of quality, particularly in color work, the development of high-quality, high-speed color work is one of the most significant technological advancements in printing today. The quality of color work turned out by some of the new British presses, for example, whether on paper or metal, is the kind which could formerly be expected only from a few skilled but slow Continental sources, and yet it is done at high speed. The requirements today are more exacting than ever, but the machinery is keeping pace with it.

As hosts, the West Germans occupied a major part of the exhibit space at the Drupa Fair, and the range and quality of their equipment was solid evidence of how much printing means to the strength of the new economy being fashioned in Gutenberg's native land. The Federal Republic has a thriving export-import business in printing and paper machines.

Most heartening to Western observers, however, was the obvious and overwhelming fact at the fair that the Common Market is going to produce the healthiest kind of competition in Europe, which cannot help but stimulate an expanding world market, with a consequent greater prosperity for everybody.

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COLOR AT NO PREMIUM CHARGE

With no premium charge for color advertising in McCall's, a four-color bleed page costs from $12,000 to $18,000 less than in the weekly magazines. And McCall's 8 million circulation base is one million larger than Look or Life, one and a half million larger than the Post.

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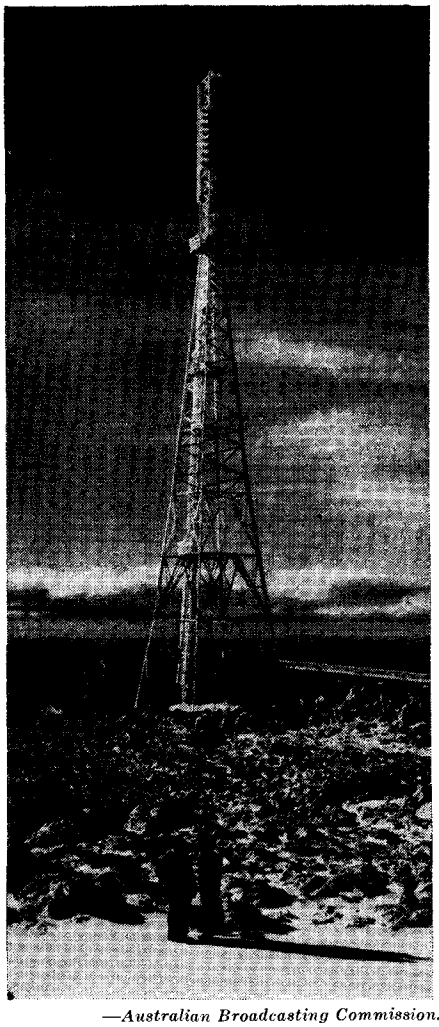

—*Australian Broadcasting Commission.*

TV transmission tower near Hobart—"content to operate as a selling service."

AUSTRALIAN TV:
The Wasteland Down Under

By GEORGE MALKO

IN THE six years that it has had television, Australia has probably done less than any other country to present programs which reflect its own way of life. Outside of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, which is bound by the government that supports its existence to present primarily Australian fare, the commercial stations have almost consistently offered viewers the ready-made products of American television.

Before anyone insists that a certain amount of American programming can be found all over the world, let me offer the viewing schedule of an average evening in Sydney. There are three channels, two of them commercial. This is what they telecast on Tuesday, May 1, 1962. Beginning at 7 P.M., Channel 7 presented Sea Hunt, while Channel 9 presented Father of the Bride. The Australian Broadcasting Commission offered News, Newsreel, and Weather. Taking the three stations in that order we find that, at 7:30, Channel 7 had Ben Casey, Channel 9 Follow The Sun, and Channel 2 (the Australian Broadcasting Commission) Wells Fargo. At 8:30, it was The Untouchables on 7, Perry Mason, on 9, and Silents Please on 2, which had showed a program called People at 8:00. At 9:30, Channel 7 screened Maverick, 9 had Bourbon Street Beat, and 2 presented Linda Vogt and Emma Den Hollander in a musical recital. At 9:00, Channel 2 had programmed Town and Country, a rural program which included gardening and fishing hints. At 10:30, the last program of the evening came on. Channel 7 ran City Detective, and 9 screened the movie "My Dream Is Yours," with Jack Carson and Doris Day. At 10:00, the Commission had showed After the Battle, with an episode entitled "London." At 10:30, it presented News and Newreel, and then went off the air at 10:55. Channel 7, which had ended its day with City Detective, had the Headline News at 11:00 and then Reflections, a brief religious message. Channel 9 presumably went off the air after the movie ended.

The central issue raised by such programming is: which country is Australian TV reflecting — Australia or the United States. Part of the problem lies in the quality of the local programs produced. One young boy said, in reference to TV, "You may get some Australian ones, but when you do they're not as good. I wouldn't say they're bad, but they're not as good."

While the Australian Broadcasting Commission does produce local programs as best it can, notably two dramatic series on historic themes, the majority of the audience switches to those channels presenting the tested entertainment from across the sea. True, the commercial stations have from time to time presented an Australian documentary, but these are such exceptions, and treated as such, that their effect must be judged apart from the attention television is regularly given by the Australian viewer.

Why are Australians not being shown programs which reflect their way of life, give them an understanding of their own country, and at the same time are good enough to compete with American programs? The reasons are not too complex. To begin with, one must understand where the money to operate stations comes from and how it is being spent. In 1956, when the government decided to start programming television, commercial licences were granted as well. The only organizations with enough money to undertake such operations were newspapers.

While the Australian Broadcasting Commission, run on government funds, grew to its present position of operating nineteen TV stations across the land, six of them in the major cities of Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, and Hobart, newspapers were fighting to gain control of as many different stations as possible.

THERE are no networks in Australia, and as a result every station is in a position of singular influence. This influence is extended by the link with the newspapers. In Sydney, for example, ATN-7 is owned by Amalgamated Television Services Pty., Ltd., a subsidiary of John Fairfax, Ltd., which publishes the Sydney *Morning Herald* and the afternoon *Sun*. Both the newspapers and the television station have the same board of directors, headed by R. A. G. Henderson, managing director of John Fairfax, Ltd. TCN-9 is owned by the Consolidated Press, Ltd., which publishes Sydney's other morning newspaper, the *Telegraph*.

In Melbourne, the *Herald*, a different organization than Sydney's *Herald*, owns franchises on stations in all the cities but Sydney. In addition, the Melbourne *Herald* publishes newspapers in every one of those cities. In some cases it is the only newspaper published. It has been rumored that Sir John Williams of the *Herald*, disturbed that Sydney's Consolidated Press controls a Melbourne station, will enter an agreement with the Sydney *Morning Herald* regarding Channel 7, thereby giving Sir John blanket participation in the policies of commercial programming in every major Australian city.

When you argue with someone from a commercial station that it is their duty to insist sponsors produce local programs, they say it costs the sponsor

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too much money even to consider it. Comparing the money sponsors want to spend with the costs involved in creating what American producers consider to be a finished product, they're certainly right. Some years ago the Dinah Shore Show, which was being produced in the U. S. for some $100,000 a week, was available in Australia for $4,000. The cost was split between Sydney and Melbourne, each running it independently since there is no network link. Under such circumstances, what sponsor in his right mind would spend even $5,000 trying to produce a local show, when for less he can be recognized as the sponsor of so finished a product as the Dinah Shore Show?

True, there are one or two Australian-produced programs that enjoy high ratings. These are largely sponsored by gasoline manufacturers, companies with a product permanently in demand. The simple economics of the Australian market are such, however, that anyone in a position of sponsorship realizes that even full saturation of the country's 10 million population will not bring back an appreciable return for a major investment. As a result very little money, in toto, is being spent to put programs on the air, whatever their origin.

Finally, and most importantly, there no law placing a limit on the amount of foreign programming which may be used. In England the Television Act requires that a proper proportion of the programs shall be of British origin and performance. The British Broadcasting Commission is not tied to this, but the practice seems to indicate that 14 per cent of independent (commercial) programming is foreign in origin while 12 per cent of the BBC's programming is foreign produced. The obvious solution for Australia would be to introduce a similar Television Act, but it somehow seems late in the game to expect this to happen.

MOST of the people working for the Australian Broadcasting Commission are convinced that by choice or circumstance they are producing true Australian programs, and these people are aware of the danger facing all television in Australia. Many of those who work for the commercial stations are content to operate as a selling service, a liaison instrument between the sponsor and the programs he can buy to offer his viewing buyers. Those who seek something more from commercial television are usually frustrated. The one thing which has made it most difficult for Australia to develop its own approach to television is that by the time it started, in 1956, the world, and particularly the U.S., knew a great deal about the medium. While England had rejected imitation, Australia succumbed to it.

There is some optimism. Bruce Gyngell, Program Director for TCN-9, owned by the Consolidated Press, Ltd., believes Australia can develop a national medium. "I think Australian television has got to set out," he says, "and get a type of program which is going to inform and entertain the public, give them much more of a knowledge and background of this country of ours, and I think we're going to have to develop this pride, we're going to have to be rah-rah a little bit, and feel and think Australia is the greatest country in the world." The thought is well taken, but its tone may ring familiar to some of our own champions for better television.

If, in the coming era of international broadcasting, we are one day to watch a program from Australia and know, when it is over, that we have really seen something Australian, great changes will have to be made. Whether we like to admit it or not, we have succeeded in creating television programs that emulate Hollywood's greatest trait—the world looks and says, "Made in USA." This is something that a few other countries have achieved and that many more must aspire to, Australia not the least among them.

By 1964, 13 country centres will be receiving ABC programmes. These will be telecast through a network of microwave radio links, which will carry shows from ABC studios to regional transmitters. Later, transmitters will be established in another 20 regional centres.
Country viewers will see the best city programmes, together with productions specifically designed for the country viewer.

—From "ABC National Television," Australian Broadcasting Commission.

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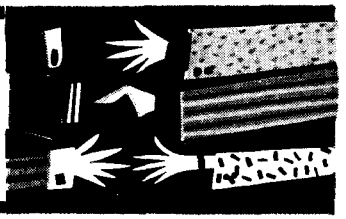
Public Relations



Reaching the Thought Leaders

By L. L. L. GOLDEN

MUCH of today's public relations advertising is directed toward the more thoughtful, culturally minded segment of the American public. In magazines this trend is especially well developed. But television, geared as it is to reaching vast numbers of people rather than any particular segment, is still groping.

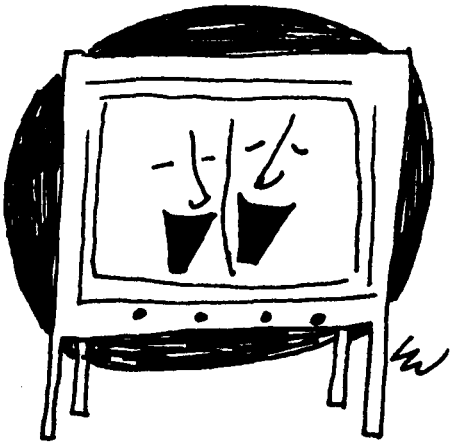
Public relations advertising in itself is not new to television. DuPont's Show of the Week, the Bell System's Telephone Hour, Prudential's Twentieth Century, Bell and Howell's Close-up, and U.S. Steel's production of plays with the Theatre Guild (all network shows) are outstanding examples, although direct sales messages as well are an important part of almost all of them. Omnibus also was sponsored primarily for public relations purposes.

But to use television to reach a special audience made up of those who don't usually find much satisfaction in television, being primarily interested in the arts, but who form an important part of the nation, is something that few sponsors have tried and that only one has been able to accomplish successfully.

Three times in three years the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) has aimed directly at this special audience and has hit three bull's-eyes, with results which could not have been foretold when the experiment was first attempted. In 1960 with its Play of the Week, an eighteen-week series of two-hour dramatic programs; in 1961 with An Age of Kings, a fifteen-week series of Shakespearean dramas ranging from one hour to an hour and twenty minutes in length; and in 1962 with its Festival of Performing Arts, a ten-week series of one-hour dramatic and musical programs, the sponsor proved a thesis originally held by only a few long-headed public relations people. This is that the quality audience is important; that networks do not have to be used; that thoughtful people will watch television and be thankful for first-class entertainment; that commercial messages need not be frantic; and, above all, that it is good business for the sponsor to reach this special audience. In all three tries made by Jersey Standard the quality of the series was outstanding. The programs filled a great void, made deep impressions, and brought results which have now set the course for future television advertising by the country's leading oil company.

Jersey Standard used non-network stations in two of the nation's major cities, New York and Washington. The shows ran in prime time, against highly successful network shows. They were repeated on Sunday evenings after the first showings on Tuesday evenings, to enable the viewers to catch something they had missed earlier in the week. And the sponsor's policy was not to interfere with the content of any of the shows. Also, and this is in many ways as important as the quality of the shows: the commercials were simple, in good taste, and pleasant to sit through; in no case did they urge the viewers to "hurry, hurry to your nearest Esso station."

For the public relations practitioners and the advertising agency people who are skeptical that hard results were obtained from these three events, a look at the record is worth while. The Play of the Week was done for a total cost of $850,000. Of the twelve minutes of commercial time allowed, a maximum of nine and a half minutes was actually used. Of this used time, part was allotted to interviews with people who know the theatre and part was used for one-minute intermissions during which only a clock with the Esso oval was seen on the screen. The rest of the used time contained Jersey Standard institutional commercials. More than 6,500 letters and postcards were received by Jersey Standard in praise of its sponsorship, and approximately 20 per cent of the writers ask for Esso credit cards or said they were switching to Esso products.



An Age of Kings cost a total of $385,000. Approximately three minutes of commercial time was used on each program, half the commercial time allowable, most of which told brief stories of the uses of oil in everyday life. More than 50,000 commendatory letters and postcards were received by the sponsor, again with a high percentage asking for credit cards and telling of their switch to, or continued use of, the company's gasoline.

The Festival of the Performing Arts cost the sponsor a total of $850,000. A maximum of three minutes of commercial time per program of the six minutes allowed was used. These three minutes were allotted to institutional messages, telling of the activities of the company's scientific affiliate, Esso Research and Engineering Company. More than 30,000 letters and postcards reached the sponsor, with high praise for the shows. Again, as in the other, previous cases, a large number of writers asked for credit cards or said they were switching to Esso products.

The correspondence resulting fr these shows, with outlets in only two cities, was greater than that attracted by many network programs which reach more than 200 cities. Moreover the opinions of the high-quality audience which was attracted to the three shows are important to a company that has about 700,000 stockholders. In addition, the company recognized that no business firm can live in a vacuum and that it must make a contribution to the cultural life of the country.

In Jersey Standard's announcement of the 1962 series, M. J. Rathbone, president of the company, said: "We believe that there is a strong demand for such entertainment and anything we can do to help provide more of it is good business for us. When people tune in, it gives us a chance to tell them something about our company and the things we do in an atmosphere of mutual appreciation of good things. We have always found that when people get to know us, they generally have confidence in us and in the products of our organization."

It certainly is good business for Jersey Standard. But it is only good business for the company because it pr vided something that was needed an wanted by the viewer the company desired to reach. And after all, that is a double objective of good public relations.

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Letters to the Communications Editor

Continued from page 34

cause it is based on a definitional wrong.

Defamation, whether libel or slander, is a crime or cause for civil action because the body of the wrong —the act—has been committed. Speaking is as much an act as murder. A man is free to reflect on an endless gamut of blackguard thoughts, but his thoughts when uttered are acts which, if in conflict with law, must yield to it.

As Tobin contends, words are acts—and as such, punishable within the framework of the Constitution.

SUZANNE M. KOHUT,
Assistant Professor of Speech,
Elmhurst College.
Elmhurst, Ill.

IN ALL OF THIS foofaraw occasioned by Justice Black's extreme pronouncement against libel and slander suits, hasn't it occurred to *anyone* that the Ninth Commandment states:

Thou shalt not bear false witness . . .?

The Law of Yahweh—the God of Israel and of the Christian Church—protects reputation just as carefully as it protects property.

But, is it not likely that a better deterrent than our present recourse to the courts may be available?

It is my understanding that, according to French law, an offended person may claim the right to reply to any published material which tends to damage reputation in the same periodical, with the same prominence (rather than deep in the inside pages), and at generally the same length. A law like this would help lighten court loads and, unless I'm mistaken, would tend to keep editors on their toes. In fact, it might go beyond this by also discouraging the pretrial in the press which often makes a fair verdict in a criminal trial difficult to achieve.

JAMES S. KIEFER.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

JUSTICE BLACK'S private opinion that the Constitution forbids slander and libel laws reads a little differently after Justice Black's opinion for the majority in the New York school-prayer case. This one has shown us all that the fundamentals in the Bill of Rights are not to be disposed of in terms of black and white. To my mind this applies to Justice Black's opinion on libel and slander, even though he sees it as all white.

I think that, as your editorial indicates, Justice Black will find few takers. Not only is it hard to see how we could get along without the protection of the slander and libel laws in today's society, but it is also hard to understand how the writers of the Constitution and its Bill of Rights could have intended anything so sweeping. After all, until 1868, when the Fourteenth Amendment went into effect, any prohibition of libel and slander that may have been intended in the First Amendment could have had only a shadowy application to the states. It was only after the Fourteenth that the Constitution provided that "No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States."

Down underneath, however, I think Justice Black has a point. The Anglo-Saxon history of the right to speak or publish anything one wants was one of gradual growth. To this day Blackstone is quoted as laying down the law that press freedom applies only in that there shall be no previous restraint upon publication. If a writer uses this freedom to publish "what is improper, mischievous, or illegal, he must take the consequence of his own temerity." Though many don't seem aware of it, this was not an absolute but merely a statement of the law as it was understood in Blackstone's time. Since then there have been many liberalizations. Everything from the Zenger case (which even preceded the Commentaries by three decades) to the Minnesota gag-law decision of 1931 and since has shielded the writer from punishment after publication as well as before. To my mind this is a valuable protection, and one that should continue to be increased in the future.

All too often someone wants to punish the author of a publication on the ground that it was harmful. But maybe it wasn't harmful at all, just a different opinion, useful to the community. Mostly the value here is in free expression of political or unorthodox opinion. But maybe it applies to libel of private individuals, too. Juries are notoriously fond of socking a newspaper, much in the unthinking spirit of small boys shying snowballs at silk hats, in the days when there were silk hats.

Therefore it seems to me that Justice Black, while assuming a position toward which few of us would follow him all the way, has nevertheless pointed the way in which we ought to go.

HERBERT BRUCKER,
Editor,
The Hartford *Courant*.
Hartford, Conn.

AS TO WHETHER there should be absolute freedom of the press or libel protection of the individual against the press, perhaps the right answer—however paradoxical it may seem—is that there should and can be both.

How this can be accomplished was first pointed out by Alexander Meiklejohn in 1948, in a book ,"Free Speech and Its Relation to Self-Government," published by Harpers. He noted a distinction between the First and Fifth Amendments which is generally overlooked.

The First Amendment, he shows, deals with *public* matters, where democratic decision making requires that discussion of political and social matters be absolutely free. Thus, today, a political candidate may be criticized on political matters without application of the libel laws. But the Fifth Amendment safeguards *personal* rights under the due-process clause. Thus a newspaper has no right to destroy the candidate's personal reputation without due process, and here the libel laws do apply.

This is not merely a semantic device. It has a sound historic and legal basis, and as shown in my doctoral dissertation (Stanford, 1952; see the *Journalism Quarterly,* Spring, 1953), it applies directly and usefully to the whole range of questions now diffusing freedom of the press. (Libel is, in fact, a minor problem compared with some of the others.)

The hope is that the Supreme Court will some day adopt Meiklejohn's distinction. This would stop the real threat to our liberty in the increasing watering down of the absolute safeguard of free public discussion (e.g., the recent dilution of even the "clear and present danger" doctrine). At the same time it would *strengthen* personal safeguards by ending the confusion of mixing two separate matters.

J. BEN LIEBERMAN,
Graduate School of Journalism,
Columbia University.
New York, N.Y.

SPONSORED HARD-BACK

PETER BART'S EXCELLENT ARTICLE "The Hidden Sell" [*SR*, July 14] does an unintentional injustice to an important segment of the hard-back book publishing field. The sponsored book, which he seems to say is limited to the paperbacks, is an old public-relations device. It performs a useful service when honestly written and when published in a straightforward manner without camouflage.

If a sizable institution, industrial or other, wishes to supply the facts about the life of its top man, or about its own activities, or its history, it can and does turn in good conscience to the hard-back book as a medium.

Many large and reputable publishers accept this sponsorship. In my experience the custom has been for the sponsoring institution to guarantee distribution of from 4,000 copies up. This distribution is made free to libraries, and sometimes to shareholders, important present and potential customers, and such like. And the

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book is put on the publisher's trade list, at a normal and not a cut price.

It is true that a good book of this class contains little or no *hidden* sell. It tells a factual story, very obviously from the point of view of the institution, and no deception is involved. I think it is no longer necessary to defend the ghosted institutional book. It is useful to the reader. One in which I had a small hand sold 40,000 copies at $7, worth the money, honestly sponsored. Without the corporate angel, who was not invisible, publication would have been impossible.

PROFESSOR HOWARD STEPHENSON,
Pacific University.
Forest Grove, Ore.

GOLDEN ENCOMIUM

JUST A BRIEF NOTE to say what a fine job we think Lou Golden did in summing up and evaluating the Council's public information efforts. "How the National Safety Council Does It" did more than justice to a highly diversified operation in relatively brief space.

We were particularly gratified by the singling out of our work amid the many effective operations. And it was good to see in print something that we have been aware of for a long time: that we in public service are indeed in a highly competitive business.

HOWARD PYLE,
President,
National Safety Council.
Chicago, Ill.

AS ONE OF THE MORE than 725,000 employees in the Bell System's vast organization, I wish to take this opportunity to express appreciation on behalf of all these employees for the really fine article written by L. L. L. Golden under the title, "The Lesson of A. T. & T." [*SR*, June 9].

In my twenty-five years' experience with the Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph Company, I have been in a position to observe first hand the emphasis that is placed on good public relations in the Company's operations.

As was so ably brought out in the article, good public relations have been instilled into all levels of the various departments within the Company. It is an ingrained philosophy and one which has certainly paid dividends in more ways than hard earned profits. Good public relations is a thing that just doesn't happen—it must be worked for.

GLADYS A. MILLS.
Mobile, Ala.

WHAT MAKES A *BAD* NEWSPAPER?

I ENJOYED John H. Colburn's article "What Makes A Good Newspaper" [*SR*, June 9]. Permit me to specify *briefly* what makes a *bad* one:

Preoccupation in headlines, on front pages, and in amount of column space with crimes, accidents, divorces, irresponsible behavior, and other items that have little significance, and no usefulness, to the public. Irresponsible, despicable actions are often glamorized.

Little or no concern with the problems of the needy aged, unemployed, and ill, the underprivileged Americans who need badly to have their difficulties made public and a helping hand extended to them by society.

Little or no space allotted to printing the overwhelming majority of constructive, interesting, and intelligent letters from its readers; it considers it is being "generous" by publishing at most a mere handful of readers' views, and consigning all the rest to the oversized waste basket. (When will a large metropolitan paper assign a full page, daily, to readers' letters, thus implementing freedom of the press and showing its respect for the views of the many who regularly purchase it?)

In conclusion, a bad newspaper is obsessed with politics and ignores in large measure the news of science, health, worthwhile nonfiction and fiction, poetry, art, and humor, as well as praiseworthy acts and individuals. All this, together, helps to educate readers and elevate ethical standards and to dignify our lives and the society of which we are a part.

S. G. HERMAN.
Chicago, Ill.

THE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE

YOU COMMUNICATE something other than history when you permit Margaret Weiss to say in "The Man Who 'Shot' Lee," [*SR*, July 14]:

"And, of course, the famous pictures of Lee's surrender at Appomattox were made by the Union photojournalist Mathew Brady and his colleagues."

You see, there weren't any pictures of Lee's surrender at Appomattox—photos, that is. As Roy Meredith relates in "Mr. Lincoln's Camera Man," Brady and his colleagues didn't know about the surrender until it was all over. An eye witness made some pencil sketches, and an artist did a painting from these. That was the extent of any pictorial recording this great moment in history received.

LEON M. SILER.
Broomes Island, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Many pictures were taken by Brady involving the surrender of Lee and the end of hostilities, but Mr. Siler and Mr. Meredith are correct in stating that no photographs of the actual surrender ceremony were taken, so far as anyone now knows.*

EARLIER DOUBLE-DECKER

I HAVE JUST READ the article "Something New in Movie Communication" by Hollis Alpert [*SR*, June 9].

It may be of interest to you, your readers, and to Mr. Alpert to know that there is a movie theatre in Sendai, Japan, that is very similar to the illustration accompanying the article, and that this double-decker theatre was in existence before my visit to Sendai in 1958. Thus, the concept is not new, except in New York City, and, it may be, in the United States. It may also be interesting to observe that there are many movie theatres in Japan that have two-, three-, and four-deck arrangement: in Tokyo, Osaka, and Fukuoka, and no doubt in other cities that I did not visit.

M. W. REID.
Wailuku (Maui), Hawaii

***"Can't* you be carefree?"**

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The Poet on His Poem

Continued from page 12

ts writing. "I rewrote it so many times I despaired of it." The one obsession which seems to persist with many is, indeed, hard work. We see this in the harsh self-discipline which went into Stephen Spender's "The Generous Years." He said that he must have made at least 100 attempts to write this poem. Perhaps the whole inspirational notion of poetry is still in need of further revision, like the poems themselves. Though almost all saw a danger of equating work with excellence, still when W. D. Snodgrass said, I like it "because it cost me so much work," he represented a significant number.

This work gives the poet a chance to objectify personal feeling. "The strictly personal adequacy of the expression . . . has nothing to do with the value of a poem," said Robert Penn Warren. The poem may absorb and dramatize the human urgencies which led to its making, but it must stand apart from them. The poem he chose, "Mortmain," is a very personal poem. "In such a poem the writer runs his greatest risks—among those risks, the most risky risk of self-deception." He chose a poem which involved that risk. "The world `ives," he wrote, "by the trick of the eye, the trick of the heart."

Theodore Roethke wrote of his choice, "I was able to move outside myself—for me sometimes a violent dislocation—and express a joy in another, in others: I mean Beatrice O'Connell, and the Italian people, their world, their Mediterranean."

It is worth noting in passing that Italy and its sea continues to hold a powerful fascination for poets writing in English. As a subject area, these poems are among the most prominent in this collection: a southern reach of the northern temper. This has been true of English poetry since at least Elizabethan days, and clearly, it still is. Richard Wilbur got to the heart of this in discussing his poem "A Baroque Wall Fountain in the Villa Sciarra." He said, "If you have a certain number of Anglo-Saxon generations behind you, you will feel obliged to work an eight-hour day even in Rome. . . . This fountain appeared to me the very symbol or concretion of Pleasure: I felt reproached by it for my Puritanical industry; and at last I compromised with it by making it the subject of a `oem."

One group of poets breathed defiance and pure flame against the complex manner of poetry and the elaborate exegesis it has been taught in recent decades. J. V. Cunningham chose his poem because it has only one level of meaning; because it is not ironic, paradoxical, complex, or subtle; and because the meter is monotonously regular. This sense of rebellion against recent criticism was expressed in various ways by George Barker, Karl Shapiro, and Irving Layton, among others. Shapiro confessed to something like a revelation about the wrong way in which he has written much of his poetry for twenty years. Now he would reject "iambic five." "Now I feel ashamed when I write meter and rhyme . . . as if I were wearing a dirty dress."

John Wain differentiated between his prose and poetry, claiming the poems are more instinctual. "As a professional writer, I can say, 'Today I will write a story.'" But he cannot say, "Today I will write poetry." However, there are many poets who will say exactly that. We can see these two sides in the comments of Edmund Blunden about the ghost-like evocation of Thomas Hardy which led to his poem on Hardy —a leaf and a ghostly region round the Library of Merton College, Oxford—and in the orderly and abstract reasons cited by Stanley Kunitz for choosing "The Dark and the Fair." "(1) I like a poem that rides the beast of an action; (2) I can still read it without flinching; (3) I doubt that I could make it any better by tinkering with it; (4) perhaps there is some wisdom in it along with all that folly."

IT IS apparent that poets today are sharply and self-consciously aware of the sources, purposes, and manners of their own work. They not only feel; they know. Perhaps this is only the poet's portion of life in a tremendously self-conscious age. This awareness is both powerful and explosive; it can both create art and destroy it. Most of the poets here believe that it can be effectively controlled. Still, there is an undertone of disaffection with so much learning, and some who have promoted it and share it expressed this. William Empson said he prefers his poem "Bacchus" as the traditional mother dotes on the imbecile. Richard Eberhart said that most of his poems are an upwelling, "coming out of the reservoirs of memory from mysterious promptings."

These opposites and these striking differences are in the grand tradition of poetry in English. The nerves tease the mind into the blush of blood; the mind slaps the nerves into a rage and delight of order. And in between, which is both the distance and closeness between feeling and thought, is all that range which is still so clearly alive in these poems and comments. They represent contemporary poetry.

Automation

Continued from page 11

keep people working. These shallow generalities overlook the plain physiological fact that *activity* is normal, and that we sleep (briefly) to recoup our forces for more activity the next day. Indeed, the marvel of society, to me, is that men can always be found to do *anything* demanded—whether it be exalted and adventurous, like voyaging to the moon, or unrewarding and dumbly stoical, like picking up the remains of a suicide from the subway tracks.

This country has prospered greatly. Our industry pays by far the highest wages in the world, and is still able to make a profit. Part of this is due to our natural resources. A great part is due to the fact that we have an enormous homogeneous market, without artificial barriers. We have also pretty well avoided the fallacy of restricting production in the hope of holding up prices. But a great part is due to the natural ingenuity of our people, to the fact that we use relatively enormous amounts of power in production—to the fact that we habitually look for shortcuts in production.

Now we approach the time when Europe will have as widespread a market as we. It is turning to mass production rapidly, and to the broad use of automatic machinery. It has our experience to draw on. It has apparently learned its lesson on the evils of cartels. It starts out with a wage scale that is only a fraction of ours. True, this scale is rising, and will rise rapidly, but the gap will not be closed for many years.

Can we continue to compete in the world market? We must, to have access to the things we need, and to broaden our markets beyond our own shores. We can, unless we are utterly foolish. We can, if we further in every way possible those features of our system which have brought us well this far. This includes the support and strengthening of free enterprise. It includes, in particular, encouraging in every way possible the extension in a sane manner of that old process for which we have a new name: automation.

In this regard, business and industrial management, labor leadership, and the organized professions must recognize the primacy of our long-range national interests over the short-range commercial ones which now determine our course to too great a degree. We can then surmount automation's awkward age and proceed forward to nontechnical innovations which will place us well beyond the worries of the present day.

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BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail prices! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

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"JAZZ"—The only American magazine devoted exclusively to jazz. SUBSCRIBE NOW. First issue October. Rates for U.S. and Canada: 1 year $5.00, 2 years $8.00, 3 years $11.00. Send money order or check with subscription. Foreign rates on request. **"Jazz,"** G.P.O. Box 2474, New York 1, N.Y.

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PERSONALS

YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE. Largest journal of actual positions for teachers, administrators, students, librarians, scientists, etc. (includes summer jobs). NOT just a list—includes specific U.S. and foreign positions open now. Approved since 1952. RUSH $1.00 for current issue. Yearly membership $6.00 (9 issues). Manual, "Teaching Opportunities in Switzerland." 50¢ or FREE with yearly. Advancement Institute, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, N.Y.

CRABTREE MOVERS, LTD. Prompt, efficient, courteous. Moving, packing, storage. GRamercy 5-2421 NYC.

HAVE YOU OUTGROWN ORTHODOXY? American Humanist Association welcomes you! Nonpolitical, nonsupernatural. Local chapters, publications. Three month trial membership, $1; year, $5. American Humanist Association, Dept. SR5, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

NEW PRIVATE COLLEGE needs books donated for accreditation. Return postage guaranteed. Columbus College of Art and Design, 486 Hutton Place, Columbus, Ohio.

WINEMAKING AT HOME. Authored by world-renowned enologists, Amerine and Marsh of University of California. Authorative, concise. Wines of all kinds from fruits of all kinds. $1.50. Wine Publications, 690 Market Street, San Francisco 4, California.

NONESUCH—ANTIQUES: China, Glass, Pewter and Furniture. Rensselaerville, N.Y. on Route 85, near Albany. PYramid 7-5557.

SUPERB SECRETARY, bored. Wants new, stimulating work, possibilities advancement, $135. NYC. Box Z-706.

YOUNG MAN, 25, desires room with cultural family or share apartment in mid-Manhattan. Excellent references. Box Z-696.

10-FOOT SURCOUF rubber boat; folds into laundry bag. CHelsea 2-4346 NYC.

RESPONSIBLE STUDENT driving to San Francisco area August 24th, wants experienced driver (male) to share expenses. Eric Darnell, Westtown, Pennsylvania.

LAKE WAYWAYANDA, N.J. "The world is too much with us." Not so . . . 1½ hours from New York, where thousands of acres of wilderness—never open to the public—now await respectful visitors. Drive by way of N.J. Routes 23 and 515, during the week. See Paul Bolcar at the Caretaker's House. Ask him about hiking, fishing, boating, painting, camping. This is NOT a resort.

(WORD)²—FOR THE CEREBRAL, The Pocket-Portable Word Game. $2. Hearthcraft, Box 175, Nutley, New Jersey.

PLAYWRIGHT, 31, family, international award winner, professionally produced, desires position to further career. Box Z-710.

HAVE TIME, will travel. Ambitious American girl, mid-twenties, seeks career opportunity. College, extensive travel and residence Europe, Caribbean, U.S.A. Fluent French, Italian; knowledge Spanish, German, Dutch. Thorough background fashion, theatre, photography, publicity, writing. Currently at liberty New York City. Box Z-701.

MUSICIAN, COMPOSER, M.A. Composition, extensive experience as teacher, seeks college position 1962-63. Box Z-694.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

COPY EDITOR—Free-lance copy editors wanted to edit manuscripts for mid-western university press. Work can be done at home. Please send resume of book-editing experience and educational background to Box Z-698.

CHIEF LIBRARIAN (M.L.S.), for excellent library southwestern Connecticut. Salary open, usual benefits. Apply: Chairman, Howard Whittemore Memorial Library, Naugatuck, Connecticut.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

COLLEGE PREPARATORY MATHEMATICS TEACHER, man or woman, needed by Girls' Day School in Rochester, New York. Experience desirable but not requisite. Salary commensurate with training and experience. Box Z-653.

PHYSICIAN COUPLE in NYC area desire mature, quiet, intelligent governess-housekeeper for sons, ages 5 and 7, to supervise household. Cleaning help provided. Own room and TV. Good pay. Permanent position to start August 15th. Box Z-612.

COLLEGE GRADUATES, English major, living within 25 miles of Westport, Connecticut, needed for paid work as composition critics in college-level evening courses, cooperating with classroom instructors without being tied to classroom schedule. Send resumes to Box Z-716.

COUPLE FOR ESTATE—Couple wanted for 8-acre estate maintained as historical museum. Man to understudy present grounds manager and work on lawn, flower gardens, trees; wife to assist in light house-cleaning duties. Can live in. Write Board of Trustees, Longyear Foundation, 120 Seaver Street, Brookline 46, Massachusetts.

ARTS COUNCIL MANAGER with fund raising experience needed in major southern city. Box Z-700.

WANTED: Male teacher of Arts and Humanities for student, NYC. State age, references, background. Hours varied, adequate salary. Start immediately. Box Z-712.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

VERMONT COUNTRY PLACES; Lake cottages, Homes, Building sites, Investment acres, Ski lodges. Ray Holway, Realtor, Rutland, Vermont.

TANGLEWOOD 5½ miles. Rustic cottage, 5 rooms, $7,500. Also 1½ acre plots. View, swimming. Leif Johnson, Dean Hill, Richmond, Massachusetts.

VERMONT'S NORTHEAST KINGDOM. Tree farmers offer incidentally acquired houses, surveyed lots with views, some with lake access, $100 per acre and up; timber tracts for recreation and investment 10-1,000 acres. $20 per acre and up. For brochure write Box W-139.

HISTORICAL OCTAGONAL house with turret; 4 bedrooms, oil heat, 1½ baths; fine trees, plantings; near university, Susquehanna River, boating. Bert Henry, Lewisburg, Pennsylvania or CHelsea 2-4346 NYC.

CIVIL WAR VINTAGE—Square residence with cupola. Living room, dining room, library, kitchen. 4 bedrooms, bath. Charming setting on 1 acre. Fine old shade trees. Large barn. $18,500. Mrs. Norman D. McDonald, Realtor, Washington, Connecticut. UNderhill 8-2525.

BENNINGTON COUNTY, VERMONT country places: Retirement homes, land, farms. Herbert Douglas, Realtor, Arlington, Vermont.

REDDING, CONNECTICUT—Farmhouse, modernized, not sterilized. Orchard, arbor, screened porch, fireplace, hillside. New York trains 1½ hours. $17,900. White, Girard Avenue, Farmington, Connecticut.

MEXICO: Charming 2 bedroom house near lake. $3,500. Box Z-725.

For Summer Rental

MAINE LAKE—Secluded woods, beach, boat, motor. Sleeps 12. $150 week. Box Z-654.

APARTMENTS WANTED

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN beginning doctoral study needs inexpensive apartment, sublet or share, for academic year. Prefer walking distance Metropolitan Museum, NYC. Write 2265 South High, Denver 10, Colorado.

(Continued on page 50)

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 49)

OFFICE SPACE AVAILABLE

UNUSUAL 2 room professional suite, exceptionally attractive building Park Avenue, 3 blocks south Grand Central. Advantages include use kitchen, shipping, reception rooms, telephone messages. Accessible 24 hours daily including Saturday, Sunday. LExington 2-0081 NYC.

LAND FOR SALE

THIRTY WOODED ACRES, stone walls, brook, in lovely Hampton, Connecticut. $1,800. George Hemphill, Old Canterbury Road.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

FOR RECREATION OR RETIREMENT—Attractive building sites, adjoining lake. Fine mountain views. All utilities. Paved highway. Half mile to village in heart of Vermont. John Macleod, Wallingford.

CAMPS

VENI, VIDI: next year my boy (girl) will be in an "ideal" camp. Now is the time to write, visit the Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer, New Jersey.

VACATIONS

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, seven miles from Middlebury College. Write for brochure. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

PISGAH FOREST INN. High, cool, log fires, friendly hosts. Trails in Natural Wilderness. Phone Asheville 253-0771. Box SR433, Candler, North Carolina.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent international cuisine, best in Mexico. $15.20 double occupancy, American Plan, summer rate. Newly decorated. Elevator. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

BELMONT LODGE, Belmont, Vermont. Mountains, lake, intimate charm. Reasonable. Open all year.

SUMMER LINGERS LONGER on romantic Nantucket Island, a vacation paradise 30 miles at sea. September gives you swimming in 70 degree water, fishing, your favorite sports . . . peaceful old-world charm, interesting historic areas, low pollen count. Modern inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants, Free illustrated booklet. Nantucket Information Service, Nantucket 17, Massachusetts.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Autumn Scarlet! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. 8 miles Breadloaf. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

THE VILLAGE GREEN luxury Motor Hotel. An entirely new experience in the art of living. Combines a Swiss Chalet atmosphere with the mood of Oregon's timber country. Swimming, bowling, golf, cocktail lounge, exquisite cuisine. Write to Harry Ringland, your host, The Village Green, P.O. Box 277, Cottage Grove, Oregon.

SUMMER on nearby farms and hotels for families. Call LOrraine 8-0700, NYC.

PELICAN COVE—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada.

COUNTRY LIFE! Good food! Pleasant rooms! On the green, Bridport Lodge, Bridport, Vermont!

BOOT AND RACQUET RANCH, Elgin, Arizona. Superb tennis; two green courts, Resident Pro. Magnificent riding in surrounding Coronado National Forest and on our 160 acres. Perfect mile high elevation makes ideal fall climate. Each guest unit with private bath and fireplace. Brochure.

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTEL, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable with or without meals. Brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

VACATIONS

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Connecticut, will be closed September 10th until spring.

VAILL HOTEL And County Club, Block Island, Rhode Island. Owner-supervised. Restful accommodations overlooking ocean. Private beach and golf course, superb sport-fishing, etc. Delicious food! Recommended by Duncan Hines. American Plan. Telephone: HOward 6-2351. Folder D.

THE FALES. Berkshire beauty, cottages, fireplaces, excellent food. Williamstown, Massachusetts.

HOW! If picking the right spot for your family vacation puts a feather in your cap, we'll make you look like an Indian Chief. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J. If you live within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

SEPTEMBER FISHING on Spednic Lake at Libby's Camps, Vanceboro, Maine.

HAVE YOU HAD a delicious meal in a Buttery recently? Have you proper wear for bow and arrow hunting? We have these. And licensed guides, horses, fabulous wools and tweeds, a grand Pub for outsize drinks, comfortable rooms and the finest casual clothes and sports equipment at the King's Arrow Inn and The Sports Shop, Claremont, N.H. Brochure d gives details.

HEART OF GREEN MOUNTAIN National Forest near Manchester. Fishing, golf, tennis, swimming available. $12, American plan. Also private apartment with or without meals. Families welcome. Flood Brook House, Peru, Vermont, Phone: VAlley 4-5918, South Londonderry.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160, Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232.

YOUR KIND OF PLACE? They say we are unique for Tanglewood area. Maine-like rustic Lodge, cottages, private cabins. Deep woods, glorious lake, 50 literate people, house party atmosphere, outdoor Hi-Fi, square dancing, unorganized sports, more. Not really a resort, but a "way of life" kind of thing. Probably your cup of tea. Straightforward folder. Chanterwood, "Berkshire Hideaway," Lee, Massachusetts.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. Folder.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Delightful vacationland in a secluded setting of rare, natural beauty. 2,150' high in the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Private pond, sandy beach. Excellent food, accommodations and genuine hospitality. Brochure. Sue & Alex Zoesch Invite you.

WORLD'S FAIR OF FASCINATING HANDCRAFTS. Cottage Crafts Shop, Rutland, Vermont, 116 North Main Street on Route 7 North.

A SERENDIPITER'S DELIGHT. A veritable jewel, coddled in acres and acres of lush woodland, high on the dunes above the blue Atlantic. Golden, sandy beaches, just a shuffle from your door. Each cottage a treasure of gracious hostelry. Epicurean cuisine. Discover the pleasure of gracious leisure. Write Dept. S-21, Gurney's Inn "On the Brink O' the Beach" at Montauk, L.I., MOntauk 8-2345.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

SITTERS AND SUNNERS, hikers, readers and writers: luxuriate in the tranquillity of our breezy, sunny hilltop terrace, our shaded lanes, the simple beauty and the peace, sweet peace, of Southern Vermont's finest country inn. Only 4½ hours from New York. 15 minutes from Marlboro Music Festival, 10 from lovely, unspoiled lakes. Spacious rooms and lounges, fine food, American Plan rates from $55 weekly. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, an oasis of peace and beauty in the lofty Green Mountains. Elevation 2,100 feet. Charming Alpine chalet. Panoramic view. Delightfully informal atmosphere. Superb continental cuisine. Adults only. Swimming, sports. Brochure. Manchester, Vermont.

VACATIONS

TREASURED ISLAND, where the wider stretch of time and space, the calmer rhythms of sea and wind and sun allow for serenity, solitude and sharing. The Island Inn, Box Z, Monhegan Island, Maine. Open to September 6th.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

TRAVEL

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Kitchenettes available. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

AROUND THE WORLD via South Pacific. 58 days departing October 8th by air. Escorted, limited to 15 members. Highlights: Egypt, India, Nepal, Thailand, Bali, New Zealand, Fiji, Tahiti, Bora Bora. $3,390. Brochure: Six Continents Tours, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL has special SUMMER WEEKEND rates—most attractive package plans for luxurious two- and three-day stays. Write or call for reservations. If you're driving to New York, ask for the road map showing how to avoid city traffic. You'll enjoy your visit because you're so near everything: theatres, shops, museums, art galleries, the United Nations. Two popular-priced restaurants offer delicious food. The Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge is delightful and commands breathtaking views of the city and the East River. Beekman Tower Hotel, 49th Street and 1st Avenue, New York 17, 212-ELdorado 5-7300.

GOING AWAY without your car? Consider auto dead storage. Indoors, insured, inexpensive. Newbold Garage, 2000 Westchester Avenue, Bronx 62, N.Y. TAlmadge 2-9336.

VIRGIN ISLANDS, U.S.A. Enjoy your Caribbean Holiday on the beautiful seaside terraces of famous Grapetree Bay, St. Croix. All resort facilities and special rates at $5-$7 daily until November 30th.

THE TRAPPINGS ARE NEW but the rates are traditional at the Tudor Hotel in New York City. Comfortable accommodations, including private bath, from $30 weekly. Convenient to all transportation, restaurants, churches, shops, art, theatres, etc. Located in fashionable Tudor City, adjacent to United Nations. Write Mr. Earl R. Powers, Manager, Tudor Hotel, 304 East 42nd Street or phone 212-YUkon 6-8800.

FREIGHTER TRAVEL. Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook gives complete information on hundreds of lower cost trips you can take on passenger carrying freighters from U.S. and Canadian seaports to all parts of the world. New 19th edition shows where they go, how long they take, what they cost, gives addresses of Steamship Lines, everything needed for planning vacation travel. 108 pages fully illustrated, price $2.50 postpaid. (No C.O.D.s). Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook, Dept. 19, 2031 Glendon Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California.

MEXICO. Write today for free official information letter and illustrated folders. MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURISM DEPARTMENT, Paseo Reforma 35, Mexico City, D.F.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25. P.S. Close to churches, synagogues, Buddhist temple.

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SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO, yet a true taste of the tropics at The Duffys' Guest House by the Sea. Superb beach, charming bar, convivial atmosphere (or do as you please). Low rates. Box 12232, Loiza Station, San Juan, Puerto Rico.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1480

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

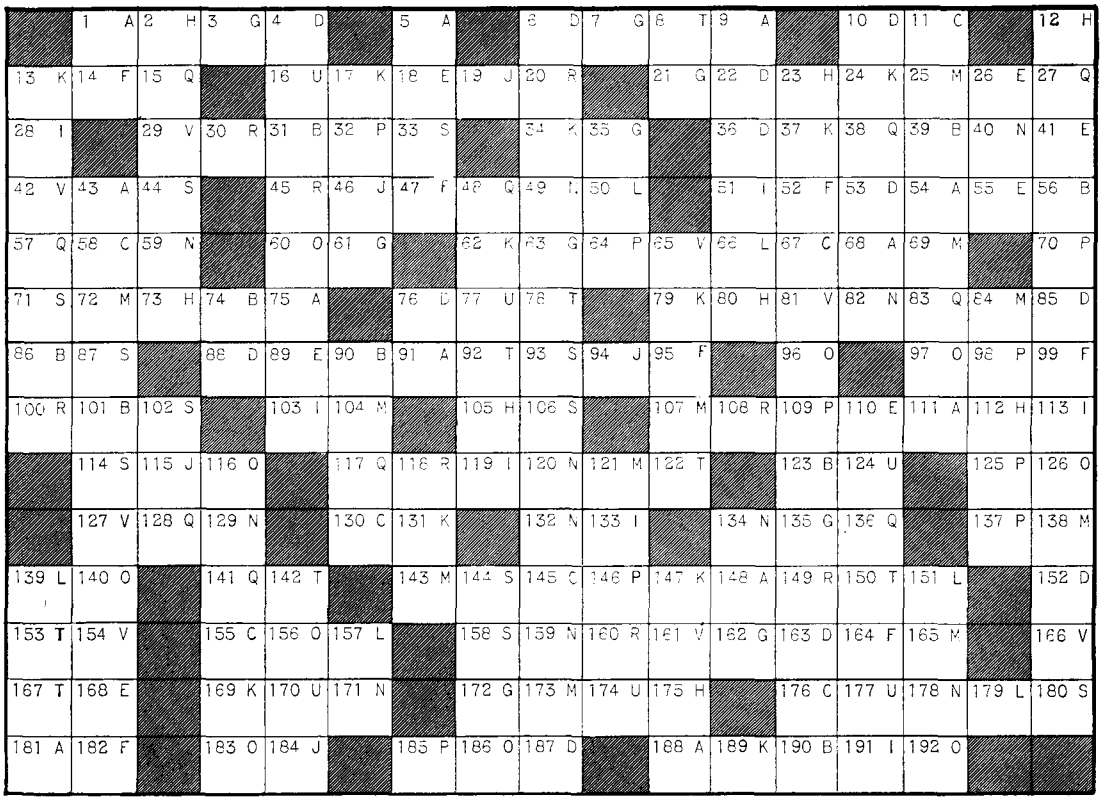
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The "wee" nursery rhyme character who ran about in his nightgown (2 wds.).	188 91 54 148 68 43 1 5 181 9 111 75
B. Increase by external addition.	86 74 90 190 101 56 123 31 39
C. A fresh horse, replacing another lost or disabled.	145 58 67 155 130 176 11
D. Paper on which designs are printed for a special transfer process to another surface.	88 187 85 53 6 36 152 22 76 4 163 10
E. More turbid or vexed (familiar form, not listed in W.N.I.).	168 18 55 110 26 89 41
F. Pleasing, fragrant smoke.	14 95 47 52 99 182 164
G. Tableware container usually of greater capacity than a half pint (2 wds.).	63 7 35 61 21 3 162 135 172
H. Cannon, shorter and lighter than a gun of the same caliber, used to deliver curved fire.	2 80 105 73 12 112 23 175
I. An artist who overelaborates his work.	133 103 28 119 191 113 51
J. Standoffish.	46 19 94 115 184

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
K. Derived from or bearing the name of a god.	169 13 62 34 79 17 37 24 189 147 131
L. Disregard intentionally and deliberately.	179 50 157 66 139 151
M. A vile, worthless wretch.	173 143 104 165 69 72 138 107 84 121 25
N. Famous persons.	49 159 40 134 129 132 171 178 82 120 59
O. Place for merchandise which one can neither touch nor handle (2 wds.).	126 186 183 156 116 96 140 192 60 97
P. Self-intersecting.	109 32 137 98 185 64 146 125 70
Q. Promoting growth and repairing natural waste.	27 38 141 136 57 83 48 128 117 15
R. Postponement.	100 20 45 108 30 118 149 160
S. Followed by "of Ferney", a popular nickname for Voltaire	33 71 93 87 144 44 180 158 114 106 102
T. Endured beyond.	142 153 150 92 122 8 167 78
U. (Question) as to a basis? (2 wds.).	174 77 16 170 177 124
V. Shuffling.	154 42 166 127 81 161 65 29

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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SCOTCH WHISKY

Famed are the clans of Scotland . . . their colorful tartans worn in glory through the centuries. Famous, too, is Dewar's White Label quality, with its genuine Scotch flavor. Forever and always a wee bit o' Scotland in its distinctive bottle!

Dewar's never varies!

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Traditional Tartan of Clan Wallace

SET OF 4 COLOR PRINTS OF CLANS MacLaine, MacLeod, Wallace and Highlander, shown in authentic full dress regalia, 9½" x 12", suitable for framing. Available only in states where legal. Send $5 to Cashier's Dept. #3, Schenley Import Co., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York ©86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky.

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